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Anne Austin
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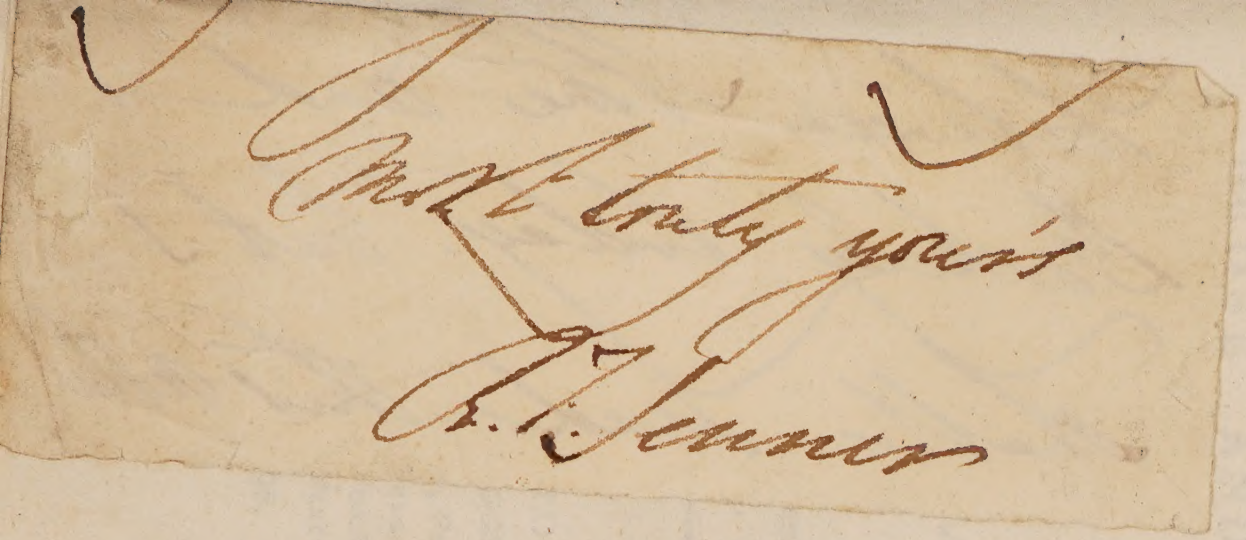

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MISCELLANIES,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

BY

EDWARD GARDNER.

VOL I.

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1798.

TO

EDWARD JENNER, M.D. F.R.S.

A GENTLEMAN

EMINENTLY SKILLED IN HIS PROFESSION,

AND IN

THE PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

AS A TESTIMONY

OF THE GRATEFUL ESTEEM

ENTERTAINED FOR HIM

BY THE AUTHOR,

WHO

FOR NEAR TWENTY YEARS HAS BEEN HONOURED

BY HIS

FRIENDSHIP.

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ESSAYS.

THE NECESSARY PRECEDENCE OF THE PROGRESS OF LITERATURE, TO THAT OF CIVIL LIBERTY; AND THEIR MUTUAL CONNECTION, ILLUSTRATED BY A SHORT VIEW OF THE OUTLINE OF THE HISTORY OF EUROPE.

To trace the progreſſive improvement of human knowledge is among the moſt pleaſing, as well as the most uſeful employments of the mind. The pages of Hiſtory contain a detail of the moral movements of human intellect. These are the pages of inſtruction. In the dark and early ages

of the world the ſcene is enveloped in the miſts of obſcurity, while a feeble ray of light ſometimes breaks through the general gloom. The heart ever the ſame, amidſt vicious or abſurd national cuſtoms, will frequently diſplay its natural propenſities; but a general diffuſion of knowledge muſt be the work of ages. The progreſs is ſlow, often checked by the ravages of war, the ferocity of barbariſm, and the ignorance or cunning of ſuperſtition.

The ſtate of manners and cuſtoms, civil and political, the excellence or imperfection of laws, evidently run parallel with the exiſting ſtate of knowledge.* The legis-

* Moſt nations owe their origin either to conqueſt or colonial emigration. Laws in their primitive ſtate, are generally nothing more than grafts on the cuſtoms of the Aborigines, and the new ſettlers

latōr muſt proportion his labors to this ſtandard, for if he riſe above, or ſink below it, the general underſtanding of the people will diveſt him of his dignity, as ſoaring into viſionary refinement, or degenerating into ſuperannuated barbariſm; nor will the intrinſic rectitude of his ideas avail him: to the benefits of the former they will be utterly inſenſible—the latter, from corruption, they will deſpiſe.

Every improvement in the widely extended circle of knowledge, whether in Ethics, Theology, or Mathematics; every

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who have aſſociated together: hence they are commonly found to be of a mixed kind. We ſhould find a difficulty in accounting for their different complexions on any other ground. Thus the Normans revived the old laws of Edward the Confeſſor, and blended them with their own inſtitutions. In this reſpect our laws very much reſemble our language.

advance of the uſeful or elegant arts towards perfection, muſt ariſe in the emancipation from that ſlavery under ſyſtem and opinion,* ſupported by preſcription only, which ſo encages the mind.

The noble arts of Eloquence, Hiſtory, and Poetry, declined with the illuſtrious republics of Greece and Rome. The nervous oratory of the Forum degenerated into ſervile flattery, when the ſpeaker no longer poſſeſſed a property in the government. Little ſpirit and impartiality could that narration poſſeſs, which was written under powerful impreſſions of fear of the preſent, and of hatred of the departed tyrant. The genius of the herd of men

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* How long was the philoſophy of Europe enſlaved by Ariſtotle, till Lord Bacon broke the chain!

inſenſibly moulds itſelf to the character of its age,* and widely different is the enthuſiaſtic from the emaſculated lay of ſlavery. Manly ſtrength, and grandeur of ſentiment, are not the characteriſtics of modern Italian poetry.

It would be to little purpoſe to trace the progreſs of general literature and liberty in the ferocious times of the Goths, Lombards, and Normans. Christianity was almoſt uniformly the object of attention. The light derived from Athens, (where the afterwards popular Boëthius planted himself in the ſixth century), from the

* For the GENIUS, which by its ſingle and ſimple energies *changes* the character and current of an age, muſt be excepted.

Roman See, from the Saracens in Spain, the literary efforts of Charlemagne, and Alfred,* were principally directed to the ſervice of the ſame cauſe. Even before this period we may trace in the hiſtory of our own country, ſome dying ſparks of ſcientific light, which feebly illuminated the duſky gloom; and while we reſort to the Saxon æra for the origin of our Parlia-

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* The early part of the reign of Alfred preſents a moſt deplorable picture of univerſal ignorance; yet the manly vigor of his genius prompted him to kindle a ray of light, which not only enlivened the barbarous gloom of the age, but has continued to give a fixed and ſteady brilliance to the poliſhed manners of the preſent day. The virtue of Antoninus, the learning and valour of Cæſar, and the legislative genius of Lycurgus, ſhone forth united in that patriot King. Several of his inſtitutions have ſurvived the Norman conqueſt, and contributed to form the Engliſh Conſtitution.

See Gibbon's outlines of the Hiſtory of the World.

ments, we may there find proofs of literature by no means despicable.*

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* A collection of Books was begun at Wiremouth and Yarrow in Northumberland, comprizing a great variety of volumes in all the departments of literature; it was purchaſed at Rome, and imported into England about the year 676, for which near two thouſand acres of land were given in exchange. A larger library than this was eſtabliſhed within ſixty years afterwards at York, containing copies of the Hebrew ſcriptures, all the Fathers, and all the Greek and Roman writers, being the greateſt repoſitory of books, in all branches of knowledge that was any where known in Europe.

Whitaker's Hiſt. of Manchester. vol. 2.

In the ſeventh century alſo Theodorus, a native of Greece, being conſecrated at Rome as Archbiſhop of Canterbury, departed for England. He found the people in a ſtate of the groſſeſt ignorance, and endeavoured to the utmoſt of his power to inſtruct them. He erected a School at Cricklade, in Wiltſhire, where was taught Divinity, Muſic, Arithmetic, Aſtronomy, Greek and Latin.

Rapin.

Albert, Archbiſhop of York, when maſter of the

The ſpirit of the feudal ſyſtem is equally unfavorable to liberty and to letters; and the hiſtory of this kingdom to the fifteenth century, contains little more than the detail of the mercileſs tyranny of the rich and ſtrong over the poor and weak. Deſpotiſm reſided in the crown, only prevented from cruſhing the people by the interference of the barons, whose intereſt was intimately blended with that of their vaſſals. Theſe haughty chieftains lived immured in their dark and gloomy caſtles, which they left not for a moment, but for the ſavage purpoſes of rapine or murder.

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grammar-ſchool at that place, in the year 767, taught grammar, rhetorick, poetry, aſtronomy, natural philoſophy, and divinity.

Bentham's Hiſt. of Ely. p. 25.

Scarce able to write, and little acquainted with the rudiments of knowledge, they were moſt of them immerſed in a barbarous ignorance, where the mind wallowing in its native mire, rarely forms one true idea of utility, juſtice, or humanity: It had no other notion of greatneſs than a romantic opinion of military glory; which, however, it muſt be confeſſed, was often kindled by an herculean deſire of redreſſing wrongs, and of protecting the weak.——Inſtead of enlarged ſpeculations upon the philoſophy of nature, and of man, the principles of commerce, the rights of nations, the great intereſts of humanity, the adminiſtration of governments, the theories of the elegant and uſeful arts, ſtudies which tend to univerſal improvement; the dignified human mind was confined to the caſuiſtry of civil

and canon law, the quibbles of ſcholaſtic divinity, the fallacies of judicial aſtrology; to legendary fiction, taſteleſs limning, infantile grammar, jejune hiſtory, culinary medicine, viſionary alchemiſtry, and inſipid poſtillating. The ridiculous and contemptible picture is alone relieved by the beautiful arts of architecture and muſic.*

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* This general character of the feudal ſyſtem by no means applies to the beautiful appearance which it exhibited at its firſt eſtabliſhment; it certainly exiſted in this iſland before the Norman conqueſt. William did not introduce, but adopted and tranſmitted a mode of tenure, which he found eſtabliſhed in the kingdom he invaded. It exiſted in England during the Anglo-Saxon period, and in particular under Edward the Confeſſor; but it was a ſyſtem then in its infancy, and adorned with harmony and peace. It was founded on mutual attachment between the lord and his dependants; but this golden age of chivalry was ſoon cloſed. The Norman con-

The ſimple narrative of the deſolating ferocities and ſtrange puerilities of the middle ages, would alone prove the barbarous and uncultivated ſtate of human intellect.* If it needed illuſtration, a

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queſt introduced a dreadful diſorder into the ſyſtem, which increaſing under the ſucceeding reigns, at length precipitated (what every oppreſſive ſyſtem muſt precipitate) its own deſtruction.

* John, Earl of Worceſter, in the reign of Edw. IV. was one of the firſt Barons who attained any eminence in literature; he was followed by Anthony Earl Rivers, beheaded at Pontefract Caſtle by Richard III. John Bourchier, Baron of Berners, and governor of Calais, flouriſhed in the time of Henry VII. Theſe were ſucceeded in the next reign by Henry Lord Stafford, William Lord Mountjoy, ſkilled in chymiſtry and mathematics, and the gallant Henry Howard, Earl of Surry, the reviver of Engliſh poetry, and the paſſionate adorer of the fair Geraldine.

See Walpole's Catalogue of royal and noble Authors.

luminous one may be found in that abject ſuperſtition which drew over the ſenſes of the people its dark and gloomy curtain. Wonderful and extenſive muſt have been that influence, which from motives of ſelf-defenſive policy forced the magnanimous HENRY to creep an humble ſuppliant at the footſtool of the papal throne, and twice plucked the crown from the head of the haughty JOHN!

No chains are ſo firmly rivetted as thoſe of ſuperſtition; but the mind, reſtleſs under their preſſure, will at ſome period burſt them aſunder. After an empire which continued more than ſeven hundred years over the whole chriſtian world, the authority of the Roman pontiff was thrown off by a large part of Europe;* enthuſiaſm occu-

* It is a curious fact that the downfall of the papal authority in England, was predicted even in the very

pied by ſuperſtition. The perſeverance of LUTHER, and the furious zeal of the Geneveſe Reformer, effected an inſtantaneous change in the ſentiments of mankind; deterred by no difficulty, diſmayed by no danger, they boldly leaped over every pale with which the characteriſtic ſubtilty of the papal politics had ſurrounded its intereſted and fraudulent doctrines.

The mental faculties, unſupported and unaſſiſted, might have been unequal to the taſk of emancipation; but the gradual progreſs of knowledge had prepared them

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zenith of its power—the reign of the third Henry. The Pope was highly offended with the letters which the excellent Robert Groſted, Biſhop of Lincoln, had ſent to him, reſpecting his oppreſſions. The Cardinals adviſed him to ſuppreſs his reſentment: "*sith it "was known that at length there would be a departure "from their Church.*"

Speed, p. 830.

for this exertion. The art of printing which took place about the middle of the fifteenth century, had contributed to give an expanſion to the underſtanding, no longer to be duped by the fear of excommunications and interdicts, thoſe mummeries of the holy ſee. Objects were no longer ſeen through the miſts of bigotry, nor the opaque medium of ignorance; and perhaps the ſpirit of liberty derived additional ſtrength from thoſe claſſical productions which the learned Greeks, who fled from the deſtruction of Conſtantinople about this æra, introduced with their beautiful language into Italy.

The revival of letters,* and the reformation took place at the ſame moment.

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* The mechanical means by which this was effected, was tranſlation.

Warton's Hiſt. of Eng. Poetry. Vol. i. p. 342.

The eighth Henry, reſolute, obſtinate and revengeful, was born for ardent enterpriſe. He was headſtrong and furious in the gratification of his paſſions. The ſpiritual thunders of the holy Pontiff, already weakened by the general ſenſe of his oppreſſions, by the oppoſition of preceding Kings, the ſtatutes of proviſors and premunire, and the diffuſion of Wickliffiſm, were regarded as feeble enemies by a prince who ſuffered nothing to controul his favorite paſſions "the love of pleaſure and the love of ſway."

The character of Henry was peculiarly formed by nature for an enterprize, which required no ſmall ſhare of courage and perſeverance; even thoſe who might from humanity diſapprove, or from ſuffering condemn, the ſeverity of his meaſures, were compelled to confeſs that he had

intellect to conceive, and ſpirit to execute, the moſt arduous and difficult deſigns! Yet the daring magnanimity of his genius, would have ſunk under the preſſure of the heavy clouds of ignorance, which hung over the horizon of the remoter ages; but the progreſs of knowledge happily coincided with the views of the Monarch, whoſe ſubjects were as willing to receive, as he was to beſtow, an emancipation from papal tyranny.

Whilſt the mind was gradually preparing itſelf for bearing with a ſteady eye thoſe luminous beams, which were to burſt upon it from the ſun of the reformation; whilſt Europe was on the eve of undergoing the moſt violent revolutions; the ſame æra was productive of events which changed the character of a great people, and by the increaſe of the commercial ſpirit of rival

nations ſtamped a new impreſs upon the human mind. The adventurous *de Gama* doubled the cape of Good Hope, and ſucceeded in the arduous enterprize of navigating an European ſhip in the Indian ocean. At the ſame æra *Columbus* diſcovered a new world in the weſtern hemiſphere, prodigious in its extent, happy in its univerſality of climate, and replete with immenſe treaſures, vegetable and metallic; and whilſt the rich commodities of India poured wealth into the ports of John II. the mines of Mexico and Peru added ſplendor to the fame of Charles V.‡

‡ Vaſco de Gama with the Portuguese Fleet, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, at the latter end of the fifteenth century, and Columbus, about the ſame time, diſcovered America for the Spaniards. De Gama was commiſſioned by Emanuel; and Columbus ſailed under the auſpices of Ferdinand

But it was the ultimate tendency of theſe vaſt acquiſitions, by the copious introduction of adventitious wealth into Spain, to enervate there that vigor of induſtry which is the main ſpring of national felicity, and to transfer to other nations the cultivation of the lands, the more natural and leſs detrimental ſource of opulence.* Yet theſe acquiſitions of wealth were inſufficient to check the ardent ſpirit of liberty, which broke out ſoon after this period in a part of the Spaniſh dominions, and animated

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and Iſabella. The effects of theſe acquiſitions could not be felt until the succeeding reigns. Charles, afterwards Emperor, ſucceeded his grandfather as King of Spain in 1516; and John ascended the throne of Portugal in 1520. Cortez began the conquest of Mexico in 1519, and Pizarro effected that of Peru about 1530.

* Smith's Wealth of Nations.

the princes of Naſſau, who in a war of 40 years nobly defended the cauſe of ſuffering humanity againſt the intimidating cruelties of Alva.† In this arduous ſtruggle againſt the efforts of the moſt potent Monarch of Europe, the houſe of Bourbon was triumphed over by that of Orange, and the moſt flouriſhing commercial republic was erected that memory can trace in the annals of Europe.

The improvement of the arts and ſciences, and the diffuſion of literary ardor accompanied or rather preceded theſe ſtruggles for civil liberty; nothing tends more to break

† The Prince of Orange gave battle to the Duke of Alva, the Spaniſh General, and was defeated. The Duke retook ſome towns, and treated the inhabitants with the greateſt cruelty; he boaſted that during an adminiſtration of ſix years, he had cauſed eighteen thouſand to be hanged.

the fetters which ſophiſtry faſtens upon ignorance, than an enthuſiaſtic thirſt for literature: the light diffuſed by theſe ſtudies ſtrikes like lightning upon the mind, and diſpoſes it to that freedom of enquiry, which neceſſarily enables it to throw off the trammels of ſuperſtition. The reign of the Tudors was favorable to the growth of genius; and the names of SPENSER, SHAKESPEAR, and BACON adorn that literary character of the age, which a general cultivation of claſſical learning, had previouſly conſtituted.

The mind looſed from the priſon of ignorance, ſoon felt its conſequence, and by a common tranſition, leaped at one bound from the darkeſt and deepeſt pits of ſuperſtition to the higheſt pinnacle of puritanic enthuſiaſm. The ſame ſpirit which glowed in the boſom of the fanatic,

kindled the flame of liberty, and the cool, cunning, ſagacious CROMWELL triumphed at once over the fortunes of the unhappy CHARLES, and of thoſe popular rights which he profeſſed to defend.

Literature, with ſome few illuſtrious exceptions,* made no progreſs during this æra of pretended liberty: wholly engroſſed by the diſcuſſion of polemic myſteries, the mind was encompaſſed by a darkneſs, which the light of the elegant arts, incompatible with a ſyſtem ſtigmatizing as vicious the amenities of life, could not penetrate. The chief ſcience of the age was the de-

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* MILTON, WALLER, SELDEN, CLARENDON, and the learned few, who withdrew from the troubles of the times to Oxford: and by forming themſelves into a Philoſophical Club, laid the foundation of the Royal Society.

ſtruction of Popery by analyſis, formerly effected ſynthetically. The object in view was to clarify the Church of all feculent matter; but it produced nothing more than an evaporation of the decencies of religion, and a ſpirit too ſubtil and refined for general uſe; yet the aukwardneſs of the chymical proceſs did not produce this ſpirit pure, but adulterated with a conſiderable portion of of intolerance and hypocriſy.

The idea that knowledge and liberty are mutually connected is proved by this part of Engliſh hiſtory. True ſcience languiſhed,* and freedom was extinct; for no tyrant was

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* Harrington's Oceana, and Hobbes's Leviathan, are exceptions. The political rubbiſh, the quibbling poetry, the ſilly aſtrology, and the cobweb refinements of puritaniſm, have deſervedly been ſunk in irrecoverable oblivion.

ever more deſpotic, than that haughty, unfeeling, rapacious, ſelf-created Monarch who aſſumed the title of "*Protector of the commonwealth.*"

The downfall of this ſyſtem of uſurpation by the event which took place on the twenty-ninth of May, 1660, revived the drooping ſpirit of literature; and though the cauſe of religion and morality derived very feeble ſupport from the influence and character of CHARLES yet he was friendly to the Muſes. The elegant arts, particularly Architecture, painting, and experimental Philoſophy, cultivated at this time with an ardent enthuſiaſm, arrived at an aſtoniſhing degree of comparative perfection.† The

† By the labors of Sir Chriſtopher Wren, Sir Peter Lely, Thornhill, Sir Iſaac Newton, &c. The Royal Society was incorporated in this reign.

paſſions of mankind ever prone to extremes have however thrown a ſhade over the hiſtory of this æra, in the propagation of the ſlaviſh doctrine of paſſive obedience and non-reſiſtance.

But it is from the Revolution, that the preſent enlarged ſpirit of philoſophical freedom muſt date its origin. Knowledge made a rapid progreſs through the regions of Europe, when the dangerous bigotry of JAMES made this ſtep neceſſary to the happineſs, to the dignity, and to the character of a free, ſpirited, and enlightened people.

Liberty of every kind was now fixed on a broad and ſolid foundation. The act of toleration ſtruck off thoſe religious fetters which a mistaken unchriſtian zeal had too cloſely rivetted. The point of perfection to which letters arrived at this period may be conceived by the appellation which it

has familiarly taken of "*the Auguſtan æra.*"

The political, philoſophical, and polemical tracts, publiſhed at this time, exhibit a range of thought, a perſpicuity of diction, and a freedom of opinion, which are the ſure attendants on ſecurity. Theſe excellencies from the revolution to the preſent day, have been making rapid advances towards perfection. The literature of our times is characterized by a remarkable accuracy and preciſion, very different from the lax and indefinite mode of expreſſion, which marks the ſtyle of preceding ages. The principles upon which philoſophical reſearches are conducted, have been inſenſibly mingled with works of elegance, moral inſtruction, and taſte. This preciſion is totally unlike the diſtinctions of ſcholaſtic learning; for it is not nomi-

nal and arbitrary, but founded on nature and experience. Modern times may oppoſe with triumph the cloſe argumentation of Paley to the looſeneſs of Cicero. They may alſo claim the invention of a new ſcience in the picturesque of Gilpin.

The enlarged ſyſtem of education, and the general appetite for reading, have been the means of opening ſources of information, to which the mind was formerly denied acceſs. Left to its native liberty, human intellect has roved at large through the intricate mazes of metaphyſical philoſophy, the tangled briars of polemical controverſy, and over the verdant lawns of poetry. Beautiful ſpecimens of excellence in every branch of literature and ſcience are every day exhibited; ſpecimens which prove that Liberty and Knowledge are neceſſary to the exiſtence of each other.

But when the predeſtinarian indifference of the diſciples of Mahomet, the ſtubborn bigotry of the Gentoos, or the conceited obſtinacy of the Chineſe will be overcome, and whether eſtabliſhed habits ſanctioned by venerable antiquity, and guaranteed by important intereſts, will be able to cope ſucceſsfully, with the increaſed ſelf-importance, the elevation of views, the contempt of forms, the expanſion of mind, the more lively ſenſibility to abuſes, the bold ſpirit of reſiſtance, and the ſtrong propenſity to reduce things to the ſtandard of truth and juſtice, which in other times have united the progreſs of Liberty with that of Knowledge, in a ratio nearly equal to the career of improvement;—theſe are events as yet enveloped in the womb of time.

Yet I ſhould heſitate to affirm, that the ſum of human happineſs has increaſed in an equal proportion to the progreſs of liberty and knowledge.

THE POETRY OF GRAY.

WHEN the Bookſellers applied to Dr. Johnſon, to undertake the compoſition of critical and biographical prefaces to the works of the Britiſh Poets, they were probably influenced by the eminence of his character, and by a perſuaſion that what *he* did, could not be ill done. Yet Johnſon (with reverence be it ſpoken) appears to have had few ideas of Poetry, beyond nervous, ſententious couplets, interſperſed

with a few looſe metaphors and images. He ſeems not to have conſidered, that it ſhould be confined to individual objects, eſpecially to thoſe of a picturesque kind, and applicable to the ſenſe of viſion,* that general expreſſions ſhould be avoided, and a peculiar appropriate language be adhered to ; § that abſtract qualities ſhould be clothed in corporeal attributes, aptly and poetically imagined,† that the perſonification, or allegoric figure, ſhould be indiſtinct, ſo as to keep in the back-ground, and not to deſtroy the appearance of probability ; ‡ that the epithet ſhould be ſparingly uſed,‖ and convey a ſeparate idea.

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* Darwin's loves of the plants. Vol. 2, Notes.

§ Wharton's eſſay on Pope ; Stuart's Philoſ. human mind.

† Wharton's Hiſt. Eng. Poetry.

‡ Darwin's ut ſupr. ‖ Wharton's Hiſt. Eng. Poet.

Yet theſe, however they may have eſcaped the notice of Johnſon, are conſtituent principles of Poetry; and though we find in his prefaces, no alluſions to the production of the "*Ideal preſence*," yet the creation of it is one of the ſpecific ends of the art.*

If we try Gray by theſe principles, we ſhall find him entitled to the praiſe of a true poet. Johnſon's ſneer at his ſtyle, as approaching to the bombaſt, with the application of "*Double double, toil and trouble*," is invidious to the laſt degree. Perhaps there never was a Poet, in whom the magnificent was leſs mixed with the bombaſt; and we may with equal truth affirm that the Biographer diſplayed more

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* Darwin ut ſupr.

acrimony of cenſure, and more puerility of ridicule in his critiſciſm on the works of Gray, than in any of the others which conſtitute the work. Are we to trace the cauſe of this diſguſting partiality, to the poetical character of the author of "*The Bard,*" and his own? This accounts for it on the principle of ſelf love.

JOHNSON'S poems are the effuſions of a maſculine mind, energetically delivering moral truths, which would have appeared to more advantage, had they been expreſſed in that peculiar and vigorous language which conſtitutes the ſtyle of his proſe compoſitions, but which with a laborious toil, yet with a happy imitative ſkill,* he

* If we attentively examine the Style of "*London,*" and "*The vanity of human wiſhes,*" we may diſcover a ſtrong imitation of the ſatyrical manner of POPE.

has dragged into verſe. Gray, with all the fire which marks the poetical character, has ſucceeded in tranſporting the ſoul of the reader beyond the limits of common reflection, and in kindling the rapturous glow of exquiſite feeling. Johnſon poſſeſſed great vigor of intellect, which was chiefly employed in unlimited reſearches into the general nature of the human mind: Gray's attention was excluſively directed to its ſublime, its beautiful, its pleaſing, and its tender.

The Critic's cenſure on the proſpect of Eton College, is playfully ſevere. The addreſs to Father Thames to tell who

> " Now delight to cleave
> " With pliant arm the glaſſy wave,"

ſtrongly diſplays that tenderneſs of ſoul which generally accompanies Genius. The Poet had delighted in boyiſh ſports; the

remembrance of them had produced a ſoothing pleaſure; and the wiſh to know who among his ſucceſſors at Eton partook of the ſame diverſions, is highly natural. When Johnſon tells us that "*Father Thames had no better means of knowing than himſelf,*" he diſplays a ſurlineſs of language, and a contemptible proof of his critical taſte. The queſtion, if admitted to be unjuſtly put, would deſtroy a very conſiderable portion of the poetical beauties of SPENCER, SHAKESPEAR, and MILTON.

It would be tedious to follow Johnſon through all his reprehenſions of Gray; that the latter was without faults cannot be affirmed; but the ſeverity of the Biographer has converted the moſt trifling errors into crimes of magnitude, and has labored to transform many ſublime paſſages into "*cumbrous ſplendor, and diſtorted figure.*"

The poems of Gray diſplay the poliſh of a beautiful correctneſs, worthy of praiſe and imitation, nor does it ever lead him into ſtiffneſs or formality. He poſſeſſed a pure and exquiſite taſte in the fine arts, The beautiful image of

" With arms ſublime that float upon the air,
" In gliding ſtate ſhe wins her eaſy way."

was probably borrowed from painting; from which captivating art, many of his ideas are evidently drawn.

Can we refuſe the praiſe of magnificence to the following lines :

——" Down the eaſtern hills afar
" Hyperion's march they ſpy, and glitt'ring ſhafts of war."

Does the mere uſe of the claſſical word " Hyperion," juſtify the critic's illiberal ſneer at it ?

Under what an exquiſitely beautiful figure is the voluptuous magnificence of RICHARD the Second's reign deſcribed—

" Fair laughs the morn, and ſoft the zephyr blows,
" While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
" In gallant trim the gilded veſſel goes,
" Youth at the prow, and Pleaſure at the helm."

And how aptly is the picture finiſhed with

—— " The ſweeping whirlwind's ſway,
" That huſh'd in grim repoſe, expects his ev'ning prey."

GRAY was eminently qualified to excel in the tender ſtyle, of which numberleſs inſtances might be produced; we will content ourſelves with one. The heart that does not *feel* the ſoothing ſwell of penſive melancholy from this line,

" And pity dropping ſoft the ſadly pleaſing tear,"

muſt be inſenſible to the effect of genuine poetry.

The Stanza of the Bard beginning

"On a rock whoſe haughty brow"

is commended with faint praiſe by Johnſon; therefore we do not hazard the danger of differing from him, if we are profuſe of our admiration of its ſix concluding lines:

"Hark how each giant Oak, and deſert Cave,
"Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath:
"O'er thee, O King, their hundred arms they wave,
"Revenge on thee, in hoarſer murmurs breathe;
"Vocal no more ſince Cambria's fatal day,
"To high-born Hoel's harp, or ſoft Llewellin's lay."

It is ſuperfluous to multiply ſpecimens. The majeſtic ſublimity, and exquiſite imagery diſplayed in the two firſt odes (as our critic calls them) claim that encomium in reality, which he beſtowed upon them ironically—They are "*a wonderful effort of the mind.*"

The ſtrictures on "*the azure flowers that blow,*" is hypercritical in the higheſt degree. A taſte not rendered faſtidious by endleſs refinements, would never have objected to this elegant addition, which renders the line more beautifully poetical. The expreſſion is neither feeble nor tautological; Gray was too much a maſter of language, too much accuſtomed to verſification, to have uſed it, merely on account of the rhyme.

We will not preſume to cavil with a Cambrian writer* on the propriety with which Gray has applied the runic imagery: but to the praiſe of univerſal magnificence, of ſublimity without depreſſion, of a beautiful ſelection of appropriate language, and

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* Mr. Owen; Pref. to the Odes of Llywarchen.

of pure claſſical correctneſs, he is juſtly entitled; nor is there a poet except Shakeſpear, who ſo often creates the ideal preſence.

Another excellence obſervable in Gray, is his judicious uſe of Alliteration.* John-

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* Gray probably borrowed this from the conſonance of ſounds which was conſidered as the neceſſary ornament of a regular verſe, by the ancient *Scalds*. The greater this uniformity was, the more the verse approached to perfection; it likewiſe ſerved them as a guide in ſinging their verſes; Giraldus Cambrenſis is quoted by Boxhorn, to prove that it was alſo cuſtomary among the ancient Cambrians, and in England. "An agreement of the initial letters was alſo uſual in the poetry of the Finlanders; and there is ſomething like it in Virgil "tales *ca*ſus *Ca*ſſandra *ca*nebat." Sir I. Bank's letters on Iceland, 211, 212. The prevalence of this cuſtom in Wales, as borrowed from the *Scalds*, and a paſſage in Rowland's Mona antiqua p. 111, 112, lead to concluſions which may juſtify Gray from the charge of Mr. Owen.

ſon ſnarls at this art, as detracting from ſublimity; but our poet has applied it in ſuch a manner, that it adds to, rather than leſſens the force of the idea. Alliteration is ſkilfully uſed when it fixes the attention on a ſtriking thought or epithet.

"Ruin ceaſe thee, ruthleſs King."

Here the emphaſis and the alliteration fall together, and point out the cauſe and the occaſion of it; and many more ſuch inſtances might be produced.

A trait of the genius of Lucan may be obſerved in Gray. In times when the chief poſts of excellence are filled, they who wiſh to excel, are naturally tempted to ſoar with bolder wings, for they deem that they can only hope to equal, but not ſurpaſs claſſical purity. Perhaps the attempt is more neceſſary in an age when

literary appetite is infected with empiricism. It is however to be remembered, that the genius of Lucan, like that of Gray, is always elevated to the spirit of Poetry, and notwithstanding the "*double double, toil and trouble,*" the ideas of our bard are exquisitely beautiful, though of subordinate degrees of merit. The various lights and shades are so admirably attempered, such harmonious proportions are observed, and the whole so disposed with regard to effect, that the intrinsic brilliancy of the materials always appears, but chastened by a classical judgment, which has clothed in a garb of decorous elegance the bold and showy beauty of his muse, and corrected by a virgin reserve, her meretricious coquetry.

The genius of Gray has been assimilated to that of Milton ;* but if Gray had a

* Wharton's observ. on Milton.

clearer conception of ideal perfection, yet a ſenſe of feeling and impreſſion accompanies the ſublime of Milton, which arreſts the ſympathy of the reader more ſtrongly than the artificiality of Gray; and though they reſemble each other in many points, particularly in the felicity of allegoric perſonification, yet there are traces of a mighty gigantic ſtrength, of an Herculean muſcular vigor, in the poetry of the illuſtrious puritan, which is not to be diſcerned in the more Apolline features of the ſublime of his counterpart. Gray ſeems to have preferred the graceful glory of his own Hyperion, to the ſweeter majeſty of imperial Jove; but to the inferior qualities of conſiſtency and correctneſs, Gray is much more eminently entitled; nor is it the malignant cavil of a Zoilus, a Rymer, or a Voltaire, to notice the obvious abſurdity

of making our general anceſtors diſcourſe of good and evil, before they had eaten of the tree of knowledge.

In the mechaniſm of Poetry, Gray attained the acmè of perfection. His elegance is never attended with want of ſtrength: his novelty is never marked by ſophiſtication, and exceſs of imagery: he never declines, in his poetical ſentiments, into ratiocination, and mere good ſenſe. In his union of abſtracted qualities with ſenſible objects, in the lightning of his beak, and terror of his eye, he condenſes the grand and ſublime. In the ſtructure of his verſe, he ſteers in a moſt happy medium, between the frigid didactic, and the flowery deſcriptive; between the dull and the gaudy. He enfeebles nothing by ſuperfluity, never attenuates by poverty, nor obſcures by imbecility of conception.

In his fulneſs he is not redundant, nor is his eaſineſs loſt in preciſion. In the harmony of numbers he is only exceeded by Collins.

Gray wrote but little, but in every thing he was a maſter. The ſublime of his Ode, and the pathos of his Elegy, is univerſally felt and acknowledged. All his works exhibit ſtrong proofs of a mind cultivated to its utmoſt extent. His claſſical alluſions are peculiarly juſt and happy.

The celebrated Elegy in a Country Church-Yard, is praiſed even by Johnſon. The univerſal voice had already pronounced its eulogium; and the courage of this tremendous critic was not hardy enough to oppoſe the torrent of general impreſſion. As a ſpecimen of natural plaintive poetry, our language has never produced its equal; and it may be queſtioned, whether the

beſt production of any future Poet in the penſive way, will not be that which bears the neareſt reſemblance to this charming Elegy.

Let us, then, acknowledge the force of unbiaſſed truth, and of natural feeling, and reject the dictatorial arrogance of a Critic, who, however conſpicuous for the native vigor of his underſtanding, has never been celebrated for the candor of his remarks, when the objects of them happened to claſh with his political, or religious prejudices.

THE HISTORY OF GIBBON.

THE celebrated Hiſtorian of the Roman Empire, in the extent of his learning, in the energy of his expreſſion, and in the richneſs of his imagery, yields not the palm of excellence to any writer which this country has produced. If we review the ſmooth majeſtic ſtructure of his language, his acute penetration into, and maſterly delineation of character, if we attend to the elegance, to the dignified

ſublimity of his luminous page, we cannot heſitate to aſſign him a place in the firſt claſs of hiſtorical writers, ancient or modern. In philoſophical penetration, Gibbon yields not to Tacitus; in uniformity of narration he is ſuperior to Livy.

It has been obſerved that many blemiſhes obſcure the ſplendor of this eminent compoſition. It has been aſſerted that both preciſion and perſpicuity are frequently ſacrificed to the circumlocution of an elegant diction, by no means free from affectation; that the artificial conſtruction of his ſtyle is too apparent, and that he is frequently obſcure, verboſe, and incorrect.

But perhaps he may ſtand acquitted of the greater part of theſe charges, when it is conſidered that the ſubject of his work was of a peculiar kind; that it comprehended the hiſtory of the declenſion of a

mighty empire, which had extended its dominion over the greatest part of the known world. As it was his office to deſcribe the various revolutions which accelerated its downfall, his language ought neceſſarily to imitate the grandeur of the ſubject, in the loftineſs of its conſtruction. Something of ſimplicity, therefore, muſt neceſſarily be ſacrificed to artificial combinations, and more of perſpicuity to the variety of elegant circumlocution. Elevation of ſentiment cannot always,—can ſeldom be expreſſed in familiar language.

The nature of Gibbon's ſubject was not ſufficiently conſidered, when the epithets "*pompous and forced*," were applied to his ſtyle; every ſubject has its appropriate language, and to deviate from it, is in ſome degree to deviate from excellence.

The colloquial idiom of Addiſon was exactly ſuited to the familiar nature of the periodical eſſay, but it is certainly too feeble to ſupport the dignity of hiſtory; we regard it as a beautiful ſpecimen of eaſy elegance.

The vehement ardor which is ſo frequently diſplayed in the "*Hiſtory of the decline and fall of the Roman empire,*" is so natural to the ſubject, that it tranſports the reader to the ſcene of action, and tunes his feelings into a perfect uniſon with thoſe of the narrator; numberleſs inſtances of this kind might be produced; but to extract ſpecimens of animated deſcription from the extenſive number of pages which compoſe ſix large quartos, would be endleſs labor! Amidſt ſuch a profuſion of excellencies, we ſhould heſitate in our choice.

Whatever the prejudices of captious

criticiſm may have alledged againſt the *Hiſtorian of the Roman empire*, Poſterity, that impartial and deciſive judge of literary merit, will aſſign him a diſtinguiſhed niche in the temple of fame erected to Britiſh Hiſtorians. Taſte and judgment heſitates in the preference, whether of the vehement ardor, the luxuriant ſublimity, the forcible elegance of GIBBON, the poliſhed urbanity of ROBERTSON, or the acute and elegant ſententiouſneſs of HUME.

No one can preſume to defend the indelicacies which are interſperſed in the *Decline and Fall.* We bluſh for Mr. Gibbon when he defiles his page with ſuch immoralities; notwithſtanding they are generally obſcured by the veil of a learned language. The apparent preference given to the religion of the oriental impoſtor to

that of the divine Jeſus may excite indignation, but not aſtoniſhment; when we reflect that the preſent age has produced an author,* who has attempted to reſtore paganiſm, in what he terms its original ſublimity and ſplendor.

It has been juſtly remarked, "that the "literary imperfections which are diſcerned "in the hiſtory of the decline and fall of "the Roman Empire, but faintly diſigure "a work at which (though Philoſophers "have approved, and Europe admired it,) "Collegians have ſneered, and Critics "ſnarled; but which the ſerious Chriſtian "alone is juſtly entitled to treat with "indignation."

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* Mr. Taylor.

THE RESTRICTIVE FORCE OF RELIGION.

RELIGION is the ſtrongeſt barrier againſt the inſinuating attacks of vice. The love of power will burſt the bonds of virtue, and the tyes of morality are too feeble to reſtrain avarice from trampling down the fences of honeſty, in the purſuit of the golden fruit which attracts its wretched deſires. If Piety has no reſtrictive force, the paſſions will ſeize the reins, and their effects, both on the community,

and their unfortunate poſſeſſor, will be dreadful in the extreme. Self-gratification is ſo powerful an incentive to crime, that nothing but a ſincere belief of an omniſcient providence, the final rewarder of virtue, and the certain puniſher of vice, can curb the turbulent paſſions of man.

Human laws being founded on general principles, and pointed but to few of thoſe actions which Religion and Morality juſtly denominate crimes, can never operate as ſtrong or ſufficient checks upon vice. Cunning will elude all the vigilance of the ſtatutes: for the ſituations which may concur to enable one man to defraud another are ſo numerous, and of ſuch various complexions, that in defiance of the multiplicity and ſeverity of our penal laws, Knavery becomes a *ſafe* occupation.

But the wretch who violates the laws of

his country with impunity, who triumphs in his villainies, and ſmiles horrible over the deſolating effects of his profligacies, muſt tremble, when he conſiders that the all-ſearching eye of the divinity penetrates to the very bottom of his ſoul; that his moſt ſecret thoughts are known to that God, who will aſſuredly deal with every one according to the purity of his intentions.

The force of the reſtraining bonds of Religion, was perhaps never weaker than at the preſent period. The manners of the faſhionable world communicate a tincture to thoſe of the middle and lower orders of ſociety. Luxury, diſſipation, and a thoughtleſs gaiety, reign over the great with an abſolute and undivided ſway. The duties of Religion, and even the *appearances* of Piety are not reluctantly

ſacrificed at the ſhrine of licentious faſhion, voluptuous indulgence, and diſguſting frivolity. Senſual gratifications are hoſtile to the growth of morality; and neither the dictates of Reaſon, nor the precepts of Religion, can combat with ſucceſs the habits of man, ſanctioned as they are by the practice of the rich, the great, and the gay.

THE

FRENCH REPUBLIC.

WE do not pay a ſufficient attention to the hiſtory of the human heart, when we defend the principles on which the French Republic is built. The people of that wretched country are plunged in a ſea of abſtract and ſpeculative axioms of government,* few of which are adapted to the real

* Mr. Burke has admirably characterized the French Reformers in his letter to Lord Lauderdale, where he has minutely deſcribed the philoſophical

character of man. To accommodate an exact purity of ſyſtem to the nature of human kind; avarice, ambition, revenge, pride, and the love of fame, muſt be forever eradicated from the heart. They are gazing with an eager eye at the ideal fabric of a virtuous republic, without beſtowing a glance at the vicious materials which muſt neceſſarily compoſe it. The members of this new ſtate ſhould be newly educated. The impreſſions made by the indulgence of the paſſions are too deeply implanted for the axioms of Philoſophy to remove.

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mind, formed upon principles of metaphyſical refinement. He aptly calls it "*pure defecated dephlegmated evil*;" where the deareſt intereſts of mankind are to be ſacrificed, to reduce a theory to the teſt of experiment.

Whoever will conſult the Grecian hiſtory, particularly that of Athens, muſt be convinced that confuſion will generally be produced by democracy. The conſular ſtate of Rome was conſpicuous for exhibiting a conteſt for power between the different demagogues of the people. If we ſurvey with an eye of impartiality, the degree of public felicity likely to be produced by a "*new form*" of government, perhaps we might diſcern that even the deſpotiſm of abſolute monarchy is better adapted to ſatisfy the various claims of human nature, than the ſpecious liberty of an ill-faſhioned republic.

The declamations of the late national aſſembly, and the preſent national convention of France, are calculated ſolely to inflame the paſſions of the multitude. Their arguments are full of antitheſis and

point. The ſentiments are often ſublime, and the language has frequently received a very high poliſh. If this ſenate-houſe was a ſchool for the cultivation of taſte, and the improvement of compoſition, it muſt claim an unqualified admiration; but when we obſerve the crude and enthuſiaſtic ideas of its members, framed into laws, we perceive the abſurdity, and tremble at the conſequence. The paradoxes of abſtract philoſophy, can never be adapted to the real wants of mankind.

AVARICE.

AVARICE is certainly the moſt deſpicable paſſion of the human mind; it poſſeſſes no rational inducement, and is decorated with no attractions. Luxury and ſenſuality may be aſſociated with integrity and honor; the exceſſes of the voluptuary may find an apology in the ſeducing allurements of faſhion, and ſenſibility itſelf may accompany the commiſſion of ſome particular errors; but the avaricious wretch can behold without emotion or concern, the gloomy pri-

ſon into which the knavery of his callous heart has thrown his deareſt friend.

Avarice takes a deeper and firmer root in the human boſom than any other paſſion; it gains freſh power every hour: nothing gives it even a temporary check, but the fear of ſhame. The miſer who ſtarves himſelf to feed the inſatiable hunger of his voracious coffers; who perceives without a pang, or a bluſh, his wife and his children made miſerable by his covetouſneſs; ſhall ſometimes appear generous, to eſcape the ſneers of contempt.

The man of feeling is ſeldom tinctured with this meaneſt of all paſſions; for where Avarice reſides, the nobler ſenſibilities muſt depart. The ſordid wretch feels not for himſelf; he can paſs through life, unaffected by the ardor of Love, the generous pride of Honor, or the benevolence of

Eſteem. The ingratitude of friends, the perfidy of a miſtreſs, or the miſery of his fellow-creatures, are little noticed by him in whoſe heart the love of money has taken root.

Avarice may ſometimes be accompanied with learning, knowledge, and genius; but a mind of ſenſibility *never* attends it. The puniſhment which this ſordid paſſion brings with it will never operate as a warning. How often do we perceive health, eaſe, and even life itſelf, sacrificed to the immoderate purſuit of wealth, a purſuit which is perſiſted in with more eagerneſs as life draws nearer to its cloſe;—a moſt unaccountable phrenzy—a proof of abſolute lunacy. Why ſhould induſtry be anxious to increaſe its ſtores, when the glaſs of exiſtence is nearly run out, when the limbs are feeble and contracted, when

the hands tremble, and the eyes grow dim?

In the vehement ſtruggle for conqueſt over the heart, between the two rival paſſions, Avarice and Ambition, Avarice generally remains the victor. Ambition, from the nature of the theatre of its action, muſt have its bounds, beyond which lunacy alone would attempt to leap; but Avarice has none. The decay of mind and body may render painful the eminencies of ſtation; the love of fame may be almoſt extinguiſhed; but the mind in which Avarice is predominant, broods over its darling treaſure with a watchful ſolicitude, to the laſt moment of life.

OBSTRUCTIONS

TO THE

PERFECTION OF VIRTUE.

THE perfection of virtue cannot be arrived at by a creature ſo organized as man; ſo ſubject to the controuling tyranny of cuſtom, and poſſeſſed of appetites which required the abſolute ſacrifice of honor to their gratification. Modern luxury, by creating a great number of artificial wants, has weakened the cauſe of virtue; for where a comparative poverty becomes contemptible, virtue cannot conquer the fear of ſhame.

If the cauſes of the decline of honor, honeſty, and true patriotiſm, were to be enquired into, perhaps it would appear, that the increaſe of commerce and manufactories, has given theſe obſolete, feeble, and worn-out qualities their mortal ſtab. By creating an increaſe of wealth, it has raiſed the price of proviſions, and thus oppreſſed the poor; by creating a competition in ſplendid luxury, it has baniſhed that ſmall portion of virtue which once belonged to the rich.

The benefits of traffic ſeem to have been greatly exaggerated. The authors who have treated on the ſubject of commerce, are chiefly thoſe who have been enriched, directly or indirectly, by its conſequences.

Commerce is the favorite of the day. National prejudice operates ſtrongly in its

favour. It is difficult to ſtem a torrent which rolls ſo rapidly; perhaps it is impoſſible to divert it into another channel.

LUXURY.

THE rapid increaſe of luxury, and the conſequent introduction of poliſhed and ſocial manners, have been cenſured as one cauſe of that effeminancy ſo conſpicuous in the Britiſh nation. It has been ſuggeſted, that the martial ſpirit, and the virtuous independence of former ages, cannot exiſt under ſo enervating a ſyſtem: but may not the politeneſs of manners, the liberal ſpirit, the delicacy of ſentiment, which may in a great meaſure be attributed to the increaſe

of luxury ? will not the ſoftneſs of manners which diminiſhes perſonal bravery, at the ſame time leſſen the occaſions for its exertions ? will it not melt down and ſubdue the ferocity of the paſſions, and the luſt of dominion, thoſe general cauſes of war ?

If Luxury produces ſuch effects as theſe, we muſt pardon the increaſe of cunning, the rapacity of avarice, and the ſenſuality of voluptuouſneſs, which it has certainly introduced. Perhaps nature is ſo framed, that no evil can enter its conſtitution, without carrying with it ſome portion of good ; and it may be equally true, that the moſt wholeſome laws, or the moſt decorous cuſtoms, muſt inevitably operate as diſadvantages to ſome part of the community.

THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF TASTE.

IT has been a queſtion, whether a taſte for the fine arts, and the beauties of nature, have an influence favorable to morals. Lord Shaftſbury, Locke, Monteſquieu, and the judicious, philoſophical Hume, contend for the affirmative of the propoſition; the reverſe of it has been ſupported by ſome modern eſſayiſts. Perhaps the effect of taſte on human conduct is very ſmall. I would not contend that a love of the Belles Lettres, or of rural orna-

ment *neceſſarily* render a man virtuous. Yet I am inclined to think that a man of ſcience is generally an honeſt man. The errors which are often found in the conduct of the learned, deſerve not the harſh appellation of crimes.

I would by no means affirm that probity is the natural and certain effect of taſte or genius. The ſecluſion which is often the lot of the ſtudent, prevents an expoſure to thoſe numerous temptations ſo fatal to virtue, with which the world abounds; but let it be remembered, that though abſolute knavery be ſeldom attached to the literary character, yet the ſame phrenzy of ſoul which may be neceſſary to conſtitute the painter, the orator, or the poet, will frequently become the parent of extravagances, to which the juſt principles of morality, and the pure precepts of religion have affixed the name of *Vices*.

CHRISTIANITY

NO

IMPOSTURE.

THE arguments which tend to confirm the divine origin of the chriſtian religion, as a truth of momentous import, have a better proſpect of general diffuſion, from appeals to its internal, rather than external evidence. While the object of the former is rationally to perſuade, of the latter demonſtrably to convince; it may be doubted whether the ſometimes inexplicable opinion of truth, produced by the one, is not

equally powerful with the direct teſtimony of the other. An examination of a ſyſtem formed near two thouſand years ſince by its external evidence, is a weapon which few are able to wield; and the warfare, if ſucceſsful, is rather rewarded with the loud applauſe of admiration, than the ſilent approbation of general currency; all admire, but few read the laborious researches of a KENNICOT, for ſuch labors are frequently considered as merely profeſſional. We cannot be amused with ſcientific works, however beneficial in themſelves, or their objects, the merits of which require ſimilar ſcience to aſcertain. Such diſcuſſions but partially intereſt the great majority of mankind; we are content with the admiſſion of the conteſted truth; and relinquiſh without reluctance the diſcuſſion of minute deductions, and

the fatigue of verbal criticiſm. We turn with equal indifference from learned diſquiſitions on the prophecies and the "*Hiſtory of early opinions.*"*

The internal evidence of the Goſpel, atteſted by arguments drawn from the moral phœnomena of the mind, is ſuſceptible of demonſtration, in a general, and more agreeable way, *by a ſimple review of the perſonal character of Chriſt, and the mode of conduct which he purſued.* Theſe inconteſtibly vouch the authenticity of his pretenſions. The end of impoſture is ſelf-gratification; and the fruits expected to be gathered from it, are the luxuries attendant

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* That profound theology which pretends to lift up its countenance so high, rather serves to perplex, than enlighten the minds of men; and to disfigure, rather than adorn, the genuine beauty of the Goſpel.

Diſſertation on Heretical Opinions; by J. Rawlins.

upon wealth, or the eminent ſtations of ambition. The hiſtory of the world preſents us with no character which has entangled itſelf in the deceitful mazes of falſehood, without apparent motive. Virtue has been counterfeited as the road to wealth, and fervent devotion has been affected as the footſtool to a throne. Charity, benevolence, and every amiable quality has been aſſumed, when the aſſumption was eſteemed propitious to fortune or to fame.*

The conduct of the divine founder of our religion ſtands, a ſingle, ſolitary inſtance of an oppoſite diſpoſition; he ſought not wealth, and eminence he deſpiſed.

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* The profeſſion of Benevolence is reconcileable with a bad, and a hard heart.

Knox's Eſſay on the Life and Writings of Sterne.

The eſteem, the hatred of the world, its honors, advantages, and taunting indignities, were things equally indifferent to him. Human paſſions were dead in that boſom which was alive only to the feelings of divine love. His principles were calculated for the promotion of genuine virtue, and its conſequent pure felicity; at once ſimple and diſintereſted, they were adapted to every ſtation, and pointed to every duty of life. His ſyſtem of morals was eſſentially different from any production of human wiſdom; it was the will of the ſupreme being, ſanctioned by the proſpect of infinite rewards, and enforced by the dread of eternal puniſhments.

The doctrines which Jeſus diſſeminated, and the duties which he enjoined his followers to fulfil, were not adapted to the general purſuits of active life; on the con-

trary, they ſtrongly oppoſed every paſſion natural to the human heart. Ambition derived no ſupport from the doctrines of a religion, whoſe kingdom was not of this world; and pride received no encouragement from a ſyſtem, whoſe diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic was humility.*

Neither were its ſtrong recommendations to the practice of univerſal benevolence, likely to be regarded by a people, in whoſe character avarice was a prominent feature; whoſe national prejudices were inveterately obſtinate, and whoſe charity was wholly limited.§ The thirſt for empire, and the

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* The Heathens rejected Humility from the catalogue of Virtues.

§ The character of the Jews, as described by TACITUS, was, "ready charity to each other, but hoſtile hatred to other nations."

glory of heroic atchievements, are paſſions which naturally cleave to the heart of man. Peace and good-will towards human kind cannot exist in that boſom in which the paſſion for military fame has taken root. The harmony of univerſal love accords but ill with the diſſonant tones of rapine and revenge.

This great and diſtinguiſhing difference between the precepts of Chriſt, and thoſe of every other lawgiver, ſufficiently refutes the charge of impoſture. By flattering no human propenſities, they merited not the returns of human gratitude; and he could expect no aſſiſtance from others, in the purſuit of wealth, eminence, or fame, whoſe principal aim was to eradicate avarice, ambition, and pride from the heart. Human attainments were not the objects of the religion of Jeſus.—No, all the ve-

hemence of his oratory, all the ardor of his love, and all the beautiful conſiſtency of his life, were directed to the purſuit and fruition of that heavenly felicity, in compariſon of which, earthly pre-eminence, and earthly enjoyments, are as "the drop in the bucket, or the duſt of the balance."*

Nor could Jeſus have been influenced by that paſſion for glory, which experience tells us will tranſport the mind of man to the utmoſt heights of extravagance; had he wiſhed to obtain it among the Jews, he muſt have trod in the paths of phariſaick hypocriſy; had he turned towards the Gentiles, he muſt have modelled his perſonal conduct into the ſyſtematic affectation which characterized their philoſophers. The doctrine of the MESSIAS was not

* Iſaiah, c. xl. v. 15.

adapted to the deep-rooted prejudice of the Jews, nor to the ſtoical apathy of the Gentiles; to the former it was a ſtumbling block, and to the latter it was fooliſhneſs.

Impoſture, as applied to the character of Chriſt, was impoſſible; unleſs we ſuppoſe (by the operation of a more ſtupendous miracle than ever was recorded) the whole ſyſtem of moral conduct annihilated at once; appointed as he was to preach the deficiency of unaſſiſted humanity, for the attainment of immortal happineſs, his conduct muſt have been of that colour, which could not mingle with the common œconomy of life; by aſſerting the vanity of terreſtrial enjoyments, his doctrines lifted the ſoul in ſublime aſpirations towards a bliſsful eternity; and this divine energy of character was never impeded by the inactivity of indolence, or the reluctance

of fatigue. Review the conduct of JESUS, from the firſt dawnings of that light which illuminated his miniſtry, to that beatific æra, when the ſun of his benevolence ſet with ſuch aſtoniſhing ſplendor, in that sacrifice of blood, which he offered up for all the ſins of all mankind. Survey the warmth of his love, in the anxiety which he expreſſed for the ſalvation of his people; examine the purity of his precepts, and the amiable complexion of his morality; behold his ſelf-denial, his modeſty, his forgiveneſs of injuries, and his abſolute command of temper, and we affirm that Chriſt could not be a man only, but a God.

And if the character of Jeſus, by the divine excellence of the parts which compoſe it, riſes ſuperior to the ſuſpicion of deceit, that of his diſciples furniſhes a more humble, though hardly leſs deciſive

proof of the heavenly origin of the goſpel. They unreſervedly declared that they had communications of the divine ſpirit; they courageouſly perſiſted in the promotion of their maſter's work, againſt the mighty torrent of worldly oppoſition. Could any thing leſs than the true ſpirit of God enable them to ſuffer ignominy, perſecution, and death, without a bluſh or a groan; while at the ſame time they deſpiſed temporal advantages, and courted not worldly diſtinctions. If other motives than thoſe of a divine origin could produce ſuch conduct, we muſt begin on new principles, our reſearches into the human heart.

The belief of an omniſcient providence, was univerſally received by the Jews;* a providence whoſe ſcrutinizing eye was conſtantly directed to the moſt ſecret thoughts of man. Under this ſolemn idea

of divine inſpection, the diſciples would not have dared to lay claim to an inſpiration they had never received; they would have trembled at the fear of an everlaſting puniſhment, when they invoked the Almighty governor of the univerſe to confirm the truth of their miniſtry, by the teſtimony of miracles. They would, uninſpired by divine revelation, have ſhrunk from the horrors of the agonizing croſs.

Neither will a charge of enthuſiaſm contribute to ſupport that of impoſture againſt the firſt preachers of christianity. Enthuſiaſm is the offspring of a heated imagination, and the parent of a wild extravagance of thought and action; it purſues with unremitting energy, the propagation of its wild and ſingular ideas. It is the tendency of this luxuriant branch of mental faculty, to ſtrain exertion, to warp

underſtanding, to engroſs imagination, to narrow benevolence, and to engender the oppoſite vice. It is always attended by paſſionate exaggeration, and blinded by overpowering ſenſation ; it more frequently declaims than argues : but we behold the diſciples, and the apoſtles, all preaching the ſame doctrines, all practiſing the ſame divine morality, without invading the temperance of reaſon, the freedom of ſpeculation, the coolneſs of argument, the univerſality of charity, or the ſimplicity of nature.

That the power conferred on them was extraordinary, and the light that guided them was an emanation of the divine radiance, is proved by their evident ſuperiority, when they preached the animating truths of the goſpel, contraſted with their

ideas on ordinary ſubjects ;* here the natural poverty of their uninſtructed minds is clearly to be diſcerned. They frequently cleaved to abſurd national prejudices, and enveloped ſome of the faireſt features of Chriſtianity with the ſable veil of Judaic Ceremony. But their moral conduct was calculated to give weight to their miniſtry. The characters of the apoſtles were ſtamped with the image of the Deity. They were patterns of diſintereſted benevolence.†

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* Upon this principle of ſuppoſing that inſpiration extended no farther than its object, we may account for the phyſical errors in the old teſtament, without having recourſe to HUTCHINSONIAN diſcuſſions.

† For ſome maſterly, cloſe, and logical arguments, on the ſuppoſed motives which might influence the conduct of the Apoſtles, Vide "Prolegomena to Whitby's Paraphraſe."

And if the perſonal character of Chriſt, and that of his Apoſtles, furniſh the ſtrongeſt moral proof of the divinity of their miſſion, a review of the nature of man in his predominant characteriſtic of ferocity, will exhibit a farther evidence of the heavenly origin of the Goſpel. This review will convince us, that the perverſe and wicked nature of the human race, prevents the practice of thoſe benevolent virtues which would render it acceptable to the divine being. It was neceſſary, therefore, that there ſhould be a revelation, whoſe doctrines ſhould ſtand in direct oppoſition to the vicious paſſions of man, which ſhould allure him to the practice of virtue, by the promiſes of a bliſsful eternity, and deter him from the purſuit of vice, by the fear of an everlaſting puniſhment. The chriſtian ſcheme was alone capable of reconci-

ling the juſtice of an offended being, with mercy towards his rebellious creatures. Sincere repentance alone being required of man, as the condition of pardon for thoſe multiplied offences, of which the propenſities of his nature, made it impoſſible he ſhould avoid the commiſſion.

If we ſurvey man in every ſtage of his exiſtence, from the rudeſt ſtate of ſavage brutality, to the moſt eminent ſtations of poliſhed ſociety; from the earlieſt days of prattling infancy, to the moment when the grave is about for ever to cloſe over him, we ſhall find in every ſituation, the moſt deplorable proofs of his natural depravity. In that early ſtage of his political being which is uſually termed a ſtate of nature, we ſee this predominant characteriſtic of ferocity in a more ſtriking point of view. The ſavage, as a warrior, is

diſtinguiſhed by a ſtern and ſullen grandeur, a jealous and haughty pride, a vindictive and relentleſs ſpirit, a ſubtil and wakeful cunning, a keen and eager ſolicitude attend him in the chaſe; theſe may be in ſome meaſure neceſſary paſſions to enable him to provide for animal wants; but obſerve the degraded ſtate of his mind; there we behold a ſuperſtitious idolatry, an incapacity of abſtraction, a malignant cruelty, conceited craft, and knaviſh diſhoneſty. Brutal intemperance, and torpid indolence, ſucceed to a momentary ſpirit of heroic exertion. If we ſubtract the effuſions of the ſhort-lived admiration we are ſometimes conſtrained to feel at the courage he diſplays, and at the fortitude he exhibits, we muſt deteſt the ruminating ſavage, as a being uniformly ſelfiſh, malignant, and ferocious.

The unreſerved openneſs, and engaging innocence of childhood, is too often alloyed by an unamiable mixture of wanton cruelty.* Are we to look for the cauſe in a reſtleſs activity of intellect, uninfluenced by moral reſtrictions, and capable only of being amuſed by ſenſible occupations? To diſcuſs a queſtion ſo difficult of ſolution, would be to interfere with the abſtruſe labor of diſcriminating habits and inſtincts. In the ſituation of the ſavage, where the intereſts of life are not protected by the ſhield of civil regulations, where the means of ſuſtenance are precarious, we eaſily diſcover the ſource of his ferocity,—a ferocity which cannot be overcome, unleſs he is previ-

* Doctor Beddoes, with that peculiar penetration which diſtinguiſhes every page of his equally philoſophical, and humane productions, recommends natural hiſtory, to prevent this cruelty in children.

ouſly inſtructed in the arts of domeſtic convenience, and the nature and duties of ſocial union.*

A ferocity equally violent, marks under certain circumſtances, the character of man, in a ſtate of exalted refinement. There may be a period (if that period be not already arrived) when a general diffuſion of knowledge will ſpiritualize the mind, when the luxuries multiplied by commerce, and the influence of the elegant arts, will cheapen the delights of ſenſe; when the united power of theſe cauſes will, in the

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* Lord Kaimes recommends the inſtruction of Savages in the arts of civilized life, before they are made Chriſtians; and Dr. White wiſhes them to be inſtructed in European Science, at the ſame time with European Religion. Vide "Sketches of the hiſtory of Man," and "White's Sermon on the duty of attempting the propagation of the Goſpel in India."

claſſes removed from want, render the incorporeal enjoyments of eminence and fame, the great objects of happineſs: If this paſſion be general, and its direction political, the oppoſing pride of rival ambition will not ſcruple, in the purſuit of its darling idol, to deluge the world with blood.

This ferocity, as interwoven with human paſſions, may be obſerved to prevail in every ſtation of life; far from being confined to the boſoms of contending heroes, tyrannical monarchs, or avaricious, overbearing ſtateſmen, it accompanies the humbler conditions of man; and if the cabinets of princes diſplay its hiſtory on a more extenſive ſcale, the cottage of the peaſant is not exempt from it. A ſenſe of the claims of others will often yield to the promptitude of offending; and the jealouſy of ſelf-love, or the conſciouſneſs of injury, will not

always await the tardy deciſions of adjudication, or equitably apportion the retribuito the wrong. To reſtrain man from the violence of his fellow creatures, capital puniſhments have ever formed a part of every ſyſtem of legiſlation.*

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* The numerous penal ſtatutes which exiſt in this Kingdom, though they are in ſome meaſure the conſequence of increaſed commerce and manufactory, yet at the ſame time *prove* the natural ferocity and cunning of man, which the ſtrongeſt reins of law cannot curb, and which frequently eludes with the greateſt facility, the cloſeſt graſp of its moſt cautious ſtatutes.

Nor will the enactors of ſevere laws eſcape the charge of inhumanity. The ſame ſpirit dictated the criminal code, which is diſplayed in its violation. The ſelf-defenſive policy of man has exhibited itſelf in the moſt unfavorable point of view, where it rigidly guards by the terrors of death, a trifling part of property. Penal laws have been too often the work of a few, influenced by improper paſſions.

Vide Mr. Turner's paper on Crimes and Puniſhments, in the Mancheſter Memoirs. Vol. 2, *p.* 293.

Philoſophy, which conſiſts in a *habit of reflection*, partly dictated by nature, and partly acquired by art, is inſufficient to check the malignant paſſions. Its genuine object is to ſteel the ſoul againſt the attacks of fortune, to ſubdue the turbulent paſſions, and to give the powers of reaſon a cool and unbiaſſed operation. The active duties (if this definition be admitted) come not within its ſcope, and Philoſophy may regulate the mind, where the practice of virtue does not form the character. Under the maſk of this alluring aſſumption, all the ſtriking characteriſtics of Philoſophy, its apathy, ſelf-conqueſt, and coolneſs, are reconcileable with the cruelty of ambition, the extortion of avarice, the villainy of rapine, and the malice of revenge. The deceptions of ſelf-love may gloſs over the impulſes of vice, and that enormity of

varied crime, that desolating, destructive ferocity, which history has never paralelled, that system of bloody policy, which stains the early annals of the Republic of France, may again find, as it has already found, a palliation in the cant of Philosophy and Patriotism.

To banish this inherent ferocity from the human heart, and to substitute in its stead the amiable virtue of benevolence, is the peculiar object, and where it has taken firm root, the successful effect of the christian religion. By inculcating a mild and pacific demeanour and doctrine, which detracts not from courage, where lawfully exercised, nor from fortitude, when virtuously exhibited; it bounds insolence and spirit within the restrictive sphere of a general love of our "neighbour as ourselves." We are taught to subdue the

angry paſſions, at the moment they are kindled, by the exquiſite ſimilitude of that generous ſpirit of forgiveneſs, which follows the tranſient reſentment of children.*

To heal thoſe wounds which from the tenacious memory of ſelf-love, are too apt to rankle in the heart, our holy religion teaches us to reſign our wrongs into the hands of that being, the myſteries of whoſe providence we cannot penetrate, and whoſe final juſtice we contemplate with trembling awe; and to confirm us in the practice of the great virtues of meekneſs, reſignation, and pardon, we are taught, that upon the equitable principle of reciprocal retribution, "it will be meted unto us, as we have meted unto others."

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* Be not children in underſtanding, but in maliciouſneſs.

St. Paul.

Such are the amiable characteriſtics of the religion of Jeſus, a religion, which as it regards our preſent or future felicity, leaves at an immenſe diſtance the imperfect inſtitutions of man. In every human code of worſhip, the paſſions of its framers are apparent. The idolatrous ignorance of the pagans ſcrupled not to attribute the groſſeſt of earthly vices to that imaginary being whom it had inveſted with the heavenly thunder; that by the practices of their Deity, their own profligacies might be countenanced. The impoſtor of the eaſt affirmed that the doctrines of the revelation which he pretended to have received, were to be propagated by the ſword; impiouſly ſuperadding the ſuppoſed authority of Heaven, to the deſolating diſpoſition of man. We heſitate not to affirm, that every other Religion, except that of Chriſt,

betrays ſtrong marks in its features, of human depravity: but diveſted as this is, of every earthly characteriſtic, the fact amongſt numberleſs others, furniſhes a ſtrong proof of the impoſſibility of its being an impoſture.

FREDERIC III.

OF

PRUSSIA.

THE character of the late King of Pruſſia has been ſuppoſed to reſemble that of Philip of Macedon: this may be true as it reſpects its grand outline, and ſome of its moſt remarkable features; but if I were compelled to draw a more finiſhed and perfect likeneſs, I would compare him to Cæſar; the ſame martial ſpirit, the ſame ambition, undaunted reſolution, and heroic fortitude, the ſame intuitive genius in

difficult ſituations, ſtrongly mark the ſimilitude. This likeneſs extends to the nicer ſhades of the portrait of the mind. Both had the ſame taſte for literature, both were ſoldiers and ſtudents, both were authors, and wrote the hiſtory of their victories.

THE

RAMBLER

OF

JOHNSON.

THE Rambler ranks ſuperior, as a periodical paper, to any other which this country has produced. If we except the peculiar and exquiſite humour admirably diſplayed, and uniformly ſupported by Addiſon, in the portrait of *Sir Roger*, he cannot be placed in competition with Johnſon. His acute penetration into the human mind, his intimate acquaintance with the whole circle of ethics, his keen reſearch into general motive and principle, has never

been equalled by any writer in the world: amidſt ſuch a variety of excellencies, we heſitate on which to beſtow our chief admiration; it remains ſuſpended between the ſtrength of his underſtanding, and the dignified conſtruction of his language. He moves with a ſolemn majeſty, which beguiles languor into attention, and deprives apathy of its coldneſs. Strongly illuminated by the flame of a pure morality, his ſtrokes are powerful. They are directed by the hand of wiſdom, and they blaze with the irradiations of truth.

MY UNCLE TOBY.

"MY UNCLE TOBY" is perhaps the beſt character that ever was drawn. Sterne by confining himſelf to the ſimple delineation of Nature, has eſtabliſhed a fame which will continue forever. The grave irony of Cervantes, being directed againſt the foible of a particular æra, muſt ſink into neglect, as the object of its ſatire becomes more remote, and leſs underſtood; but *Triſtram Shandy* muſt always continue a favorite book, as long as paſſions and eccentricities exiſt in the heart and conduct.

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

THE *Rape of the Lock* ſtill keeps its place as the moſt finiſhed poem in our language. Its two rivals, "The triumphs of temper," and "The loves of the plants," muſt yield the palm of excellence, as a finiſhed whole. Mr. Hayley, by ſpreading his colors on too wide a canvaſs, has weakened their effect; and Dr. Darwin, whoſe ſkill in poetical embelliſhment is ſuperior to that of his rival, has exhibited no proof of invention, feeling, or paſſion: his per-

formance contains a heap of ſplendid materials, thrown together without order or proportion ; and his ornaments are ſo profuſely laid on, that a chaſte imagination would pronounce them *meretricious*.

Mr. Cambridge's *Scribleriad* is formed on a purer model of the mock heroic, than either of the poems we have noticed, and it is executed every where with equal genius and judgment. The reaſon why this exquiſitely finiſhed piece is not ſo generally known as the poems of Pope, or Hayley, proceeds from its being adapted only to the ſtudious. A performance which does not contain frequent alluſions to the popular topics, and to the reigning faſhions of the day, or does not detail the hiſtory of the paſſions, has no proſpect of beoming a favorite with the public.

DETRACTION.

DETRACTION is perhaps the only vice which propoſes no other end, than the gratification of a malignant diſpoſition; in every other crime, the gain of the guilty bears ſome proportion to the loſs of the innocent. Can Philoſophers inform us why a vice which tears aſunder every tye of friendſhip and love, that ſnatches the wife from her huſband's boſom, and the child from the embrace of its parent, and which mortally wounds the deareſt

intereſts of ſociety, ſhould be ſo often practiſed without apparent motive? The darts of detraction are as inviſible as they are deadly. The ferocity of a hero who makes an open attack, may find ſome apology in the gallantry of his conduct; but cowardice has never found an advocate.

The frequency of the practice of evil-ſpeaking, proves the exiſtence of a paſſion in the human boſom, equally ſtrong, and deteſtable, with the love of gold; and we may remark, that it has increaſed, ſince facility of intercourſe has rendered the propagation of ſcandal eaſy. The multiplication of newſpapers has opened ready means for the diſplay of this admirable talent. The furniſhers of anecdotes and paragraphs, ravage with pitileſs remorſe, the ſacred arcana of private characters;

and the publications of the moſt extenſive ſale, are thoſe which are moſt copiouſly filled with the deadly poiſon, which deſtroys the peace of blameleſs individuals, merely to furniſh matter for the empty ſtare of the blockhead, or the vacant laugh of the coxcomb.

What a weak hold has benevolence on the heart of man! The eagerneſs viſibly diſplayed in the divulging ſtories which depreciate our neighbours, proves the difficulty of ſuppreſſion to be almoſt inſuperable.

THE SUPERIOR ATTRACTION OF AGREEABLE QUALITIES TO STEADY VIRTUES.

THE agreeable qualities of the mind are generally more attractive than the ſteady virtues of the ſoul. It ſhould ſeem that the ſocial alliance of the heart, commonly called friendſhip, ought to be bottomed on the ſolid foundation of religion and virtue; but a view of human life will convince us, that the eaſy, cheerful, agreeable companion, is preferred to the determined adherer to ſtedfaſt integrity. If the

man of attractive, ſocial qualities, frequently deviates from the line of ſtrict morality, yet his conduct (if not ſo enormouſly vicious as to reflect ſhame upon his friends,) does not often diſſolve the mutual tye. Are we fonder of being pleaſed than inſtructed? Does the heart ſhrink from the inveſtigation of truth? But the ſelfiſh nature of the human mind will cling to its own trifling gratifications, though the adherence contributes to countenance profligacies, which diſgrace the human ſpecies. Such is the mind of man, as it appears from a ſurvey of actual exiſting manners, that however we may attempt to refine it by cultivation, however hypocriſy may throw her cloak over it, and conceal for a time ſome of its moſt conſpicuous deformities, the taſk of altering it ſucceſsfully ſeems impracticable.

The preacher who declaims on the enormity of human crimes, and points out the dreadful conſequence of perſeverance in the commiſſion of them ; if he paints in beautiful and glowing colors, the amiable and attractive charms of chriſtianity, will find but little attention paid to his ſermons by the bulk of mankind. They puſh on in the mad career of vice and folly, inattentive to every thing but the pleaſures of ſelf-gratification. Vice is too obſtinate to be turned from its courſe by warnings, however awful, and folly is too light and vain to liſten to inſtruction. The preacher and the eſſayiſt muſt be content with the felicity of a ſelf-approving conſcience, as the ſole reward of their labors.

THE DIFFICULTY OF FIXING A STANDARD OF TASTE.

THERE is no ſpecies of philoſophical diſquiſition attended with more difficulties than that which relates to the operations of the mind;* operations ſo tranſient and

* We feel a want of language to expreſs the operations of intellect: our ſtock of words is inſufficient for the purpoſe; we are unable to expreſs many of our ſtrongeſt conceptions. Similitude and analogy are commonly ſubſtituted for direct expreſſions, and

unſteady, that they elude the cloſeſt graſp of enquiry. Perceptions are infinitely varied in every mind, they are perpetually changing; for the ſame images do not create the ſame ideas at one period of life, which they do at another. Mind itſelf is as infinitely varied as the forms of body; hence the pleaſing perceptions commonly implying a *taſte for beauty*, muſt be different in every mind; and the difficulty of reducing its principles to an exact ſtandard

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theſe often feebly, frequently erroneouſly, convey the idea.

Whatever cenſure may be thrown upon ſcholaſtic learning, yet its labors may become uſeful towards perfecting the theory of the human mind. We certainly want an abſtract language, to facilitate the expreſſion of abſtract ideas. We want ſubſtantives to appropriate to the variety of mental operations. This deficiency remarkably appears in Smith's Hypotheſis of the cauſe of the fear of death, in his "*Theory of moral ſentiments.*"

muſt be obvious. The numerous treatiſes which have appeared on the ſubject of taſte, are ſo many proofs of the difficulty of erecting this ſtandard. One ſays that an object capable of exciting pleaſurable ſenſations muſt be ſoft and ſmooth; another exhauſts his eloquence to perſuade us that all beauty muſt be referred to the waving line; whilſt a third, with more apparent philoſophy, derives it from propriety or utility. He informs us that we muſt be *convinced* that the object is formed upon principles of reaſon before the heart can glow with the fine feelings of taſte. This idea is urged with great plauſibility of truth, but it is certainly erroneous. The effects of beautiful objects are felt, before the mind can form any concluſions reſpecting their utility. Taſte is quicker in its appropriations, than judgment in its deci-

ſions. The rule cannot be juſt, for various parts of nature contradict it; the meaneſt and moſt loathſome reptile is as completely formed for every purpoſe of its creation, as any animal generally eſteemed beautiful;—but do we contemplate a toad with rapture?

The moſt beautiful parts of our ornamental furniture, our paintings, our gildings, in which taſte is moſt eminently diſplayed, are not reducible to any rules of propriety. They cannot, without a perverſion of terms, be denominated *uſeful*.

If we examine the human countenance and ſhape, which excites a more animated and more impreſſive idea of beauty, than any of the ſcenes of nature, we ſhall find that utility is not the cauſe of the rapturous glows which thrill the boſom when the burning eye gazes on the "*human face divine*."

The perception of beauty, as it reſults from the contemplation of the features, cannot be grounded on any ideas of utility; for a form literally ugly may be capable of every function appertaining to the human character.

The connoiſſeur will probably tell us that he has made beauty of every ſort his particular ſtudy, has traced it through all its varieties, has contemplated it with a rapturous eye, in its animated and vegetable forms, that he has thought much, written much, and ſpoken more on the ſubject, and that the juſt reward of his labors ſhould be the exaltation of his opinion as a ſtandard of taſte. We bow to his authority, but ere we have time to contemplate with the degree of attention recommended, his ideas of beautiful proportions, another gentleman, who alſo

arrogates to himſelf the title of connoiſſeur, drags us from theſe abſurd notions; and others, ſaid to be more rational, are placed before us. A chain of reaſoning, illuſtrated by the moſt ſtriking examples, convince us that our firſt ideas were fundamentally wrong.

Theſe are facts which are clear and familiar; and we may obſerve, that in the faſhionable part of taſte, *ornamental gardening*, a great variety of opinions has been obtruded on the public, many of which contradict each other. Yet either of the authors of theſe opinions would feel inſulted, were you to deny him the character of a *connoiſſeur*.

We imagined that we knew ſomething of beautiful proportions, in the diſpoſal of our woods and waters, of our hills and

vallies; but a gentleman* who lately publiſhed an eſſay on this ſubject, tells us we are all wrong. He comes forward with great apparent anxiety for truth, (an anxiety generally more ardent when it relates to ſpeculative opinions) and informs us that his ſole deſign is to *expoſe the preſent ſtyle of improvement*; but we had ſcarce time to catch a ſpark of his vivifying fire, ere another man of taſte,† with every mark of indignation, and with all the ardor which characterizes the lover of the fine arts, tells us, that ſuch ideas are vague and unphiloſophical.

Can there be then any fixed principles, to which we may refer upon this very flexible

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* Mr. Price.

† Mr. Repton.

ſubject? The beautiful and the deformed, the mean and the ſublime, ſeem to exiſt more in the imagination of man, than in the works either of nature or art. Taſte fluctuates with the manners and temper of the times; its ſtandard is ſhifted under the influence of religion, legiſlation, and the faſhion of courts. Our national taſte for poetry illuſtrates the obſervation. In the reign of the ſecond Charles, what the juſtice of modern critiſciſm terms "*falſe wit*," was the darling taſte of the age. The ſimple ſublime majeſty of "*Paradiſe loſt*" was neglected, while the quaint, affected brilliancy of Cowley was extolled as the higheſt flight of genius. The gay, unfeeling ſprightlineſs of Waller was regarded as the model of the tender ſtyle, and the mighty genius of Dryden was forced, in compliance with the abſurd faſhion of the

day, to diſgrace his glowing page with puerile witticiſms.

Taſte depends not upon reaſon, therefore it is impoſſible to reduce it to the ſtandard of invariable maxim. The object of taſte is either beauty or ſublimity, the characters of which are infinitely diverſified, and the intellectual reliſh muſt depend on the aſſociations of ideas; theſe aſſociations are probably widely different in every diſtinct mind, and the pleaſureable ſenſations muſt vary accordingly.

The diſcovery of the true principles of taſte (as they are termed) exhibited in the decoration of our habitations, gardens, and perſons, and in the wide circle of the imitative arts, is perhaps the reſult of the recent accumulation of wealth, which vanity thinks not miſapplied in the reward of that inventive genius, which can conſtruct novel

combinations of matter. From this principle we may fairly draw a concluſion, that the opinions of what conſtitutes juſt taſte, muſt vary with the exiſting circumſtances of the times; and that it is very probable that poſterity in the twentieth century, will feel, or at leaſt affect to feel, aſtoniſhment and contempt at the abſurd, fantaſtical ideas of taſte which were entertained by their anceſtors in the reign of George the third.

If any thing like a ſtandard by which to meaſure this capricious being be admitted, it muſt be derived from, and determinable by, the opinions of the majority of mankind. Thoſe points of beauty which depend upon principles of univerſal nature and feeling, will be conſidered nearly in the ſame light by the whole world. The *Venus de Medicis* will be contemplated with

equal rapture, by the Briton, the Gaul, the Spaniard, the Italian, and the Turk; and though the Chineſe might object to the ſize of the feet, and the Savoyard lament the abſence of the goter, all perhaps, when their particular exceptions were made, would not heſitate to admit its general beauty.

But the idea of beauty, when applied to the human form, (which being founded on eternal principles of nature, can never vary) is materially different when directed to the multiplied productions of art. A general univerſal rule of taſte can never be eſtabliſhed, which the more juſt, or more faſtidious notions of ſucceeding ages may not deſtroy. The only mode of determining the popular rage of the day, might perhaps be found by conſulting the moſt eſteemed productions of the Poets. The

beautiful objects of nature are their frequent and favorite theme, and the description may be relied upon, as a collection of the most beautiful scenes, that nature decorated by the hand of art can exhibit. If the descriptions of the eminent poets were diligently collated, minutely analyzed, and their constituent principles reduced to rules, they would form as perfect a code of the laws of taste, as the principle is capable of being governed by. They would at least form the foundation of a partial science of beauty, to which few exceptions could be made; for unless there had been opinions of excellence not subject to fluctuation, HOMER and VIRGIL would never have descended to posterity.

But novel opinions must start up, and by the aid of genius and perseverance,

will force themſelves into notice. GILPIN himſelf, the grand diſcoverer of the picturesque, exhibits in his works ſtrong proofs of the difficulty with which this ſort of beauty is reducible to rules. In one place he ſeems to wiſh that nature were left to her own operations, an idea, which if taken in a wide ſenſe, would annihilate the term *taſte*, as applied to rural ornament, and entirely ſuperſede the neceſſity of his own obſervations on the ſubject. He ſays that "wherever man appears with his tools deformity follows his ſteps, that he makes ſhocking encroachments on the beauty and elegance of landſcape. Ceres and Triptolemus are abuſed for introducing tillage, and thereby "*miſerably ſcratching the face of nature.*" Theſe paſſages evidently prove that Mr. Gilpin denies to art the privilege of adorning the face of the earth

he is neither to ſupply deficiencies, nor retrench ſuperfluities: for "Man cannot "put a twig into the ground without for- "mality, and if he put in a dozen toge- "ther, let him put them in with what art he "pleaſes, his aukward handy work will "hardly ever be effaced." This paſſage ſeems to give the "coup de grace" to all rural improvement. If Mr. Gilpin's ideas are accurately examined, they will be found frequently to oppoſe each other; for he preſumes to cenſure nature herſelf, when ſhe does not pleaſe him. "As in hiſtory- "painting, figures without drapery and "other appendages, make but an indif- "ferent group, ſo in ſcenery, naked moun- "tains form poor compoſition; they re- "quire the drapery of a little wood, to "break the ſimplicity of their ſhapes, to "produce contraſt, and to give that rich-

" neſs to landſcape, which is one of its " greateſt ornaments." Here it ſeems, a few twigs planted in man's aukward way, would contribute, by breaking its ſameneſs, to embelliſh the ſcene. Yet in other parts, Mr. Gilpin conſiders the breach of uniformity as a mortal ſin againſt taſte, and ſeems to ſcruple the admiſſion of a picture into an ancient manſion. When taſte becomes ſo faſtidiouſly nice, its caprices can never be ſatisfied. A mind delicately nurſed, and educated in this refined ſchool, is like a pampered body, which if expoſed to common air, is ſore in every fibre. In other places, this ingenious author ſpeaks of the beauties of contraſt, a word which in the pictureſque vocabulary, ſtands in direct contra-diſtinction to uniformity.

Can we doubt then, the extreme difficulty of erecting the ſtandard of taſte?

or can we feel ſurprized that one connoiſſeur differs from another? Yet it muſt be confeſſed that Mr. Gilpin diſplays, throughout all his works, ſtrong marks of that rare quality which is termed *genius*;—his very ſoul ſeems to animate all his deſcriptions.

The luxury of taſte, as we perceive it diſplayed in the decoration of the manſion and its appendages, may be conſidered as the effect of the riches acquired by commerce, and manufacture. When the abſolute wants of nature are ſatisfied, and a ſurplus of opulence remains, the inſatiable appetites of man, eager in the purſuit of gratification, faſten with avidity on every thing able to diſſipate for a moment, that *ennui*, which is the general conſequence of the indolence of wealth. If traffic ſhould ſtill increaſe, the luxurious ornaments of life will be proportionably multi-

plied, and the appetite of taſte will become ſo vitiated, that it will loath the plain food which would ſuit its healthy conſtitution. The faſtidious nicety of taſte is one among the many evils which commerce has generated.*

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* It is this progreſs of taſte in the manſions and eſtates of landed Gentlemen, "*by abſorbing their whole income, and requiring the conſtant ſuperintendance of the Maſter,*" that has deprived them of all political conſequence.

Mitchell on the principles of legiſlation. p. 369.

VIRTUE

THE

VITAL PRINCIPLE

OF

REPUBLICS.

VIRTUE is the vital principle, which alone can keep the component parts of a democratic form of government from putrefaction. Republics, if animated by this pure and ever active ſpirit, may reach a height of excellence and glory, unequalled in the annals of the world, and which other forms of government may emulate in vain; but as virtue muſt be their ſole

foundation, ſo muſt corruption haſten them rapidly to their decline. The love of extenſive empire preſents ſuch ſeductive allurements to the human mind, that political wiſdom ſeldom poſſeſſes fortitude ſufficient to reſiſt them. Increaſe of dominion is the cauſe of decreaſe of ſtability; and thoſe governments will probably be moſt rapid in their decline, whoſe conqueſts were made with the greateſt celerity.

Ancient hiſtory preſents a ſtriking and melancholy picture of the effects of a republican form of goverment. The licentiouſneſs of popular aſſemblies opened an ample field for the harangue of the turbulent patriot, as well as for the placid and diſintereſted orator; but in popular aſſemblies, the majority muſt be vicious; and it is the character of vice to ſacrifice every

feeling of juſtice and humanity to the calls of ſelf-gratification. The human heart is prone to corruption. The Athenians were a luxurious and diſſipated people. Diſſipation and luxury require the ſacrifice of a large portion of virtue, to ſecure their darling fruition. The vital principles of virtue thus weakened,—thus annihilated, we cannot wonder that the Athenian commonwealth ſunk under the preſſure of its own corruptions.

Can we hope then ever to eſtabliſh on ſolid foundations, the ſtructure of a juſt, and well-proportioned political edifice, to be erected on republican principles? Can we boaſt that our portion of moral rectitude is increaſed by the leſſons of the faſhionable boaſted philoſophy, or by the precepts of our holy and excellent religion. If we peruſe

with an attentive and impartial eye, the volume of modern hiſtory, the number and atrocity of human crimes will appear not to be decreaſed. Commerce has contributed to weaken thoſe natural energies of virtue, which providence might originally have planted in the human mind. The many incitements to ſenſual gratifications, conſequent on extenſive traffic, conſtitute habits of vicious voluptuouſneſs, which the efforts of reaſon can never conquer. While gold can purchaſe the captivating varieties of luxurious enjoyment, the ſtateſman will ſacrifice every virtuous emotion, on the altar of a vile and mercenary deity. In modern times, money is the reward of other practices than thoſe of virtue; for the common companions of this long-forgotten, old-faſhioned quality, are poverty, neglect, and contempt.

No,—there exiſts not virtue enough to riſque the trial. On this account we deprecate any ſudden, and conſequently convulſive change of government; for in this caſe, a man of an active diſpoſition, with a mind ſtrongly tinctured with that political enthuſiaſm which muſt exiſt before commotion begins, will endeavour to gain a ſituation of eminence and profit. Every trick which cunning can deviſe, and every enormity which daring wickedneſs can conceive, will be practiſed to gratify the deareſt paſſions of man, Avarice and Ambition, now looſed from the ſhackles of law, with their objects full in view.

In this arduous ſtruggle for political pre-eminence, he who can moſt completely diveſt himſelf of the ſcruples of conſcience, will probably be moſt ſucceſsful; and the

adverſe party, which will cling with a fond embrace to the beloved emoluments, will ſtrive not to be behind in the honourable race. The ſame *brilliant* qualities will be exerted in the endeavours to prop, as in thoſe to deſtroy the fabric of ancient inſtitutions.

Political animſioties are the moſt violent of any which diſgrace the human mind. They muſt ever be deprecated by men of feeling and of ſober judgment, becauſe they furniſh the moſt ample ſcope for the diſplay of the vicious paſſions. Malice, envy, detraction, rapine, and murder, fill but a ſmall part of the copious catalogue of the liſt of enormities practiſed by men in eager purſuit of political eminence. When the ſtate is thrown into convulſive anarchy, ſcraps of abſtract viſionary philoſophy are ill adapted to appeaſe it.

Neither does it appear that any conſiderable degree of benefit can ariſe to the community, by the public diſcuſſion of theoretical principles of government, and it may with propriety be queſtioned whether any alteration has been cauſed in practice, by any writer on politics, from Locke to Edmund Burke. The rights of kings, and thoſe of the people, the duty of paſſive obedience, and that of reſiſtance in caſes of exteme neceſſity, have been a thouſand times diſcuſſed without producing any change in the conduct of ſtateſmen or people. Political diſquiſitions, though at preſent highly faſhionable, appear to be the moſt uſeleſs of any that iſſue from the preſs. Actors in the revolutions of kingdoms, are generally men of violent paſſions, and inſtigated by inſatiable avarice, or boundleſs ambition; and theſe

are feelings which never liſten to the theories of ſpeculative philoſophers. Man muſt be caſt in a new mould, ere the cool ſlow ſtream of reaſon can ſtem the rapid torrent of his deſires. The moſt lucid treatiſe on government, furniſhes at beſt but a plauſible pretence for the ambitious ſtateſman, or the factious demagogue, to purſue with vigor the object in view.

STATE OF NATURE.

HOW many opinions and arguments have been grounded on the idea of man in a civilized ſtate, contraſted with that of nature! Many writers on this ſubject ſeem to think that man was once a ruminating ſavage; but if we attend to the natural and moral hiſtory of the human race, it will appear obvious that man ever was, ſtill is, and ever will be, in a ſtate of nature. The term *artificial* can never, with philoſophical preciſion, be applied to

man. The poſition of every part of his body, and the peculiar powers of his mind, alike prove him to be an animal formed to provide for his wants in a mode widely different from every other part of the creation. Providence has denied him the ſanguinary fang of the tyger, but has refined the organization of his brain, rendered it capable of numberleſs combinations, and elevated it to ſuch a degree of perfection, that its emanations are dignified by the name of reaſon, in contradiſtinction to the inferior quality of inſtinct; hence the proviſion for his wants by (as falſely termed) artificial means, is the only natural mode he can purſue. Any other, copied from the practice of inferior animals, would be totally inadequate to the end propoſed. Nothing drawn from the refined ſtate of civilization, will affect this argument, nor

any thing from the rapid progreſs of general knowledge, ſo conſpicuous throughout Europe. Man is formed in ſuch a mould, that his intellectual improvement is progreſſive. The power of creating ideas by ſuperior reflection, enables him to make diſcoveries in every branch of ſcience, and memory treaſures up carefully the accumulated ſtores of its progenitors; thus ſomething muſt be added every age to the general ſtock of knowledge; and the empire of the mind is continually extending. This gradual progreſſion is perfectly natural; it appertains as much to the anatomical organization of man, as the ſanguinary chace of the fawn to the lyon of Lybia, or the deſtruction of the ſparrow to the ſwift-winged hawk.

TURNPIKES.

THE great difference which has taken place in manners and opinions, within the laſt twenty years, owes its origin, in a great meaſure, to the number and goodneſs of our public roads. By the general erection of turnpikes, conveyance is facilitated, and literary productions of every ſort are diſperſed to the remoteſt corners of the iſland. Luxury derives conſiderable ſupport from our improvements, as the produce of every province may be rapidly

conveyed to the moſt diſtant parts of the kingdom.

It may appear like the affectation of ſingularity, but I do not heſitate to affirm, that the amendments of our high-ways have contributed in a very high degree, to the encouragement of thoſe vicious purſuits, which at this period diſtinguiſh the conduct of every claſs of the community. Good roads have been the indirect cauſe of thoſe convulſions which have ſo lately ſhaken Europe. Good roads furniſh ambition with the means of flying rapidly from pole to pole, ſcattering as it goes its brands of deſtruction. Give him but the means, and rapacious man will ſweep the globe in the purſuit of his darling objects, regardleſs of the ſighs and ſufferings of thouſands of his fellow creatures. Would it not be good policy to confine, as cloſely as poſſi-

ble, this desolating animal? If you surround him with sloughs and quagmires, it will render his migrations less frequent; for the love of ease will resist the influence of both avarice and ambition.

EDUCATION.

IT may admit of doubt, whether the education generally beſtowed on youth deſtined to fill the middle claſſes of ſociety, either contributes to the real improvement of the underſtanding, or properly fits it for the ſphere in which it will probably move. Claſſical learning, if it be not kept freſh in the mind by conſtant uſe, quickly wears away; yet ſix or ſeven years of the moſt important time of youth, are commonly ſpent in poring over Virgil, Ovid,

and Phadrus, whoſe works they cannot then underſtand, and which probably they will never look into, when judgment becomes matured; or if curioſity ſhould at any time prompt them to review the labors of their youth, they will find the language no longer familiar.

How many branches of the mathematics might be cultivated at a time, when memory and fancy are moſt active and vivacious; and of how much more conſequence is it for a youth deſigned for commerce to know the juſt proportion of quantity and numbers, than to wade through the oppoſing ſtream of a difficult language in ſearch of the unprofitable though beautiful romances of Dido and Æneas, or of Hero and Leander.

Claſſical learning is taught in too ſuperficial a manner to fix the attention of a boy. On the contrary, if the principles

of quantity and numbers are attained (as they muſt be) by unwearied diligence, he would acquire *habits* of attention, regularity, and calculation, which would highly conduce to the happineſs of a mercantile life. That diligent induſtry which by ſlow but ſure gradations riſes to wealth, is generally the offspring of a mind, well grounded in the theory and practice of minute calculation.

I would not be underſtood to decry the value of thoſe elegant acquirements, which more than all other accompliſhments, contribute to elevate the intellectual character of man; acquirements, which as the Roman Orator elegantly tells us, "*adorn and improve every ſituation:*" but the principal aim of the preſent age, is to be rich without liberality of ſentiment, and great without enlargement of underſtand-

ing—to glitter not to glow. Let not the Merchant, who has toiled through a long life in the attainment of his immenſe fortune, be miſled by the oſtentation of wealth, to make his children *Scholars*, for he will by that means prepare them for the diſſipation of the wealth, which patient induſtry, and parſimonious ſelf-denial has accumulated, and which is dearer to him than life itſelf.

FORMATION

OF

SOCIETY.

How many ingenious theories have been formed on the firſt organization of civil ſociety. We are told that man ſoon diſcovered his wants, and that his wants drove him into aſſociation. This mode of accounting for it is too artificial ; it ſuppoſes the operation of an educucated mind, and is the child of refinement, not ot nature. Whence our own iſland was firſt peopled, is hidden in an impenetrable obſcurity ; but the period is obviouſly very

remote. Its inhabitants were conſiderably increaſed by the inroads of the Danes, Saxons, and Normans, who came, not for purpoſes of aſſociation, but for thoſe of plunder.

There ſeems no inſtinctive motive for aſſociation in the human boſom, and to ſuppoſe union on the principle of reaſon and common intereſt, is to give the mind that degree of knowledge, which can only ariſe from an experience of the convenience of ſociety, comprehending its varieties of enjoyments, and ſecurities, none of which could have entered into the imagination of a wandering ſavage.

The wilds of America were peopled, not by a populous fraternity, deriving advantages from the effects of aſſociation; but by ſmall and ſcattered tribes, hoſtile to each other, and whoſe ferocities ſtill con-

tinue to diminiſh the number of the human race. Man deſtitute of all the amenities which ſpring from civilized refinement, is a ſavage, cruel as the tyger, and even in his moſt poliſhed ſtate, where force is reſtrained by the fetters of law, cunning occupies its place. The ſame paſſions take a different, becauſe a neceſſary direction.

But the ſubject does not require deep reſearch; the origin of civil ſociety may be traced in the natural indolence of man, which prefers the more eaſy and immediate profit, acquired by rapine, to the more ſlow, and more remote reward of patient and laborious induſtry. The purſuit of this favorite mode of acquiring ſubſiſtence, rendered the aſſociation of individuals neceſſary, for the purpoſes of annoyance and repellance. The prædatory bands,

thus connected by a common intereſt, exhibited ſymptoms of a firmneſs of friendſhip, and an ardor of benevolence for their own members, which are entirely foreign to the genuine impulſes of nature. The ſenſe of a more important ſelf-intereſt was gratified, by a faithful adherence to the virtues of conſtancy, and affection, whilſt every evil was to be apprehended from their violation.

MISS SEWARD, DR. DARWIN, GRAY, AND COLLINS.

MISS Seward's beautiful poem of LOUISA has been cenſured as containing a great number of meretricious ornaments, and ſhe has been accuſed of accumulating in this dramatic character, glaring metaphor, and oſtentatious ſplendor. This charge is to be found in a very reſpectable publication, the authors of which have eminently ſerved the cauſe of literature—it is to be found in the Monthly Review.

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri," is the proper motto for literary diſquiſitions; and the editors of this elegant and generally juſt repoſitory of criticiſm, have too much candour to deny to others that right which they themſelves always exerciſe.

But I conjecture the critic formed his idea of the excellence of poetry entirely on the ſchool of Pope, and his archetypes, the claſſic authors of Greece and Rome. It muſt be confeſſed, that if a modern poet was bound to confine himſelf to any particular manner without the leaſt admixture, the ancient claſſics are doubtleſs to be preferred; but as the end of Poetry, as an art, is to captivate the imagination by ſeizing powerfully on the paſſions, it may be doubted whether a happy and judicious aſſemblage of the various excellencies of

different poetic ſchools, may not be more likely to conſtitute a perfect poem, than a ſtrict and ſervile adherence to a ſingle model.

A rich and copious ſupply of materials has been diſcovered in the Gothic fictions and legendary tales of the dark ages; tales which by the romantic ſingularity of their character, are peculiarly adapted to poetry; and if we add to the wild nature of the fable, the ſcenery that neceſſarily accompanied it, the ancient caſtle with its appendages, the gloomy grove, the moat, the Barbican, and the draw-bridge; images which by aſſociation create the ideas of aſſault, danger, and tumult; the *terrible* is excited, and the mind thrown back to the twelfth century, buſies itſelf in no unpleaſing contemplation on the events which that period produced. This I conceive to

be the exact ſtate of the ſoul when it is moſt capable of exerciſing its poetical powers.

Mr. Hayley, whoſe critical judgment is almoſt equal to his genius (which is paying his judgment a very extravagant compliment) is a warm advocate for this mixture of poetical imagery. He wiſhed to unite in his "Triumphs of Temper," ſome portion of the ſportive wildneſs of Arioſto, with the claſſic elegance and the moral graces of Pope; and this union, which it muſt be allowed he has happily effected, contributes in a very great degree to the excellence of that charming poem.

The "Louiſa" may perhaps be ornamented in a ſomewhat richer ſtyle than the "Serena," but the materials are of elegant contexture, and of genuine value, the real diamonds of Golconda, not the paltry Briſtol-ſtone.

The ornamental parts of Miſs Seward's poetry conſiſts in rich and glowing metaphors, of apt, beautiful, and appropriate imagery, and in a beautiful diſplay of the face of nature. Her pictures are all taken from the life, they breathe vivid on her canvaſs, and beſpeak not the ſervile copies of a lifeleſs dauber, but the bold and animated ſtrokes of an orignal, complete maſter.

If it were poſſible to take away thoſe appendages to "Louiſa," which have been termed ſuperfluous ornaments, this poem would be dwindled into the ſhadow of a ſhade, its ſpirit would be evaporated, and a caput mortuum would alone remain. The elegant attire of Anna's muſe, her captivating ſmile, and the eaſy graces of her motion, conſtitute her moſt engaging attractions.

A late performance, entitled "The purſuits of Literature," has cenſured Dr. Darwin on account of the gaudineſs of his poetical decorations. The author of this ſatire, we readily confeſs, poſſeſſes great powers for didactic verſe. He appears to have formed the model of his poem on that of the Dunciad, and he has conveyed his critical opinions, not only in the text, but in very copious notes. This performance is popular, and without doubt is diſtinguiſhed by very conſiderable critical acumen; but its celebrity may proceed as much from its ſatirical caſt of ſentiment, as from the juſtneſs of its obſervations.

Yet the genius of Darwin will always be conſidered as of the firſt order, that happy art which he has attained of embelliſhing a dry ſubject in natural hiſtory with all the graces of the moſt exquiſite poetry, muſt

entitle him to rank as one of the firſt of Engliſh Poets. In point of that enthuſiaſm of ſoul, that "ignis ardens animæ," which has been ſaid to conſtitute the real poet, the author of the *Botanic Garden* is far ſuperior to Pope.

Darwin's ſtyle, like that of Miſs Seward, is a happy mixture of the Italian, with the Grecian ſchool, but he is by no means a ſervile copier of either; he has paid (what every writer ought to do) a cloſe attention to nature; he has depicted her lovely features in the moſt glowing and beautiful colors, and he has captivated the heart of the reader by a thouſand new combinations of imagery, equally novel and juſt.

But Darwin is a naturaliſt and a philoſopher of no mean ſtature, and he has evinced, contrary to the general, but erroneous opinion, that the two ſtudies of natural

hiſtory, and of the elegant arts, are not incompatible with each other; on the contrary, the effect is increaſed by the mutual poliſh which they communicate. Darwin has diſplayed ſuch an exquiſite art in the management of his materials, that his beauties riſe upon us by a regular gradation, and we feel their excellency without perceiving the efforts of genius and judgment which created them.

Addiſon, in his periodical eſſays, has juſtly boaſted that he brought philoſophy from ſchools and cloſets, and introduced her to the company of fine gentlemen and faſhionable ladies, into coffee-houſes and taverns; and the author of the "Loves of the Plants," may claim the rare merit of uniting the utmoſt preciſion of natural hiſtory, with the moſt finiſhed graces of poetical imagery and diction.

Slaves as we are to faſhion, we ſhould not ſuffer it to corrupt our national taſte. The appeal is certainly juſt, when we object to the ſtandard of Ariſtotle, and reſort to that of nature.

It is not preſumed to detract from the tranſcendant merit of Pope as a poet; his fame is too firmly fixed for the feeble breath of modern critiſciſm to ſhake. Yet ſome of his pieces are mere copies, without animation, and unadapted to the language and country into which they are introduced. The paſtorals may claim excuſe, when the juvenile years of their author are conſidered. With no other merit than that of a highly poliſhed and melliſluous verſification, we ſee nothing but what we have before ſeen in Theocritus and Virgil, and ſeen to much more advantage.

The inimitable poems of Gray have been cenſured for their cumbrous load of ornament, and for the amplitude and variety of his imagery; it muſt be confeſſed that this genius is very different from that of Pope; but as an elegant and judicious critic has obſerved, we have ſeen the time when *Churchill* was preferred to *Gray*;* we cannot wonder then that *Pope*, of whom *Churchill* was a coarſe and ſlovenly imitator, ſhould at the ſame æra have been far more eſteemed.

The great merit of philoſophical language conſiſts in reducing its expreſſions to a ſort of mathematical preciſion; we ſhould ſuffer no words to convey ideas which have a tendency to excite the imagination, and cauſe it to wander in ſearch of

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* J. Warton.

novel aſſociations which ſtrike the fancy, but enlighten not the underſtanding.

A ſtyle of a very oppoſite nature muſt conſtitute the language of Poetry. The object here is to convey pleaſure, not information to the mind, therefore it muſt be ſolely adapted to excite emotions of a merely pleaſing nature. The more appropriate the images, and the more particular the deſcriptions, the more will the ſtyle be truly poetical.*

But the ſtyle of many of the poems of Pope is ſo little removed from that of plain proſe, that there are ten thouſand ſucceſsful imitators of him, for one of Milton, Gray, Collins, or Thomſon. Faſhion has contributed ſo much to exalt the poetical

* Stewart's elements of the philoſ. of the human mind.

character of the Twickenham bard, that it is very unſafe to hazard the leaſt reflection on his genius; but there are many, whoſe juſt critical taſte cannot be queſtioned, who do not ſcruple to aſſert that he has introduced a manner which does not riſe to excellence. His reflections are in general trite and common, dreſſed up in neat verſification, which are impoſed on the world for genuine poetry; but genuine poetry is wholly compoſed of ſenſible images, moral reflections are only to be ſparingly made uſe of.

The elegant and tender Collins has beautifully illuſtrated this idea; he deſcribes the ſterility of a country, but he does not directly aſſert this in an elegant and neat line, as Pope would probably have done, but by the ſenſible image of

"Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there."

Every abſtract quality ſhould, as in this line be expreſſed by an image characteriſtic of it. It may be aſſerted that this cannot be done in didactic, or philoſophical poetry, ſuch as the "Eſſay on Man;" but are we too confident in being of opinion that where it cannot be done, the ſubject is fitter for proſe?

Pope frequently invents the rule of right; inſtead of applying ſenſible language to abſtract ideas, he applies abſtract language to ſenſible ideas. It is not meant to deny his claim to genius, but he ſeems to be claſſed too high in the ſcale of Fame, and ſome in the ardor of their adorations for their exalted idol, have thought it neceſſary to ſacrifice the reputation of every competitor on the altar of their beloved Dagon.

To my favorite and beloved Collins,

thus caſually introduced, I cannot forbear paying the feeble tribute of my applauſe. If I am warmed with enthuſiaſm in my admiration of him, if that enthuſiaſm ſhould proceed from falſe views, yet I may be pardoned, becauſe it is perfectly harmleſs. In our opinions upon the productions of the poets, we are not criminal if our fancy gets the better of our judgment, we riſque nothing if our zeal be not according to knowledge.

The poetry of Collins conſiſts of natural ſimplicity, gothic fiction, fine allegory, plaintive tenderneſs, claſſical ſpirit, deſcriptive beauty and ſublimity. I ſay deſcriptive, for the ſublime in ſentiment,* upon the principles of *Longinus* is not per-

* Sublime in ſentiment, void of imagery, is more peculiarly the province of the tragic muſe.

haps to be found very frequently in Collins. Sentiment is a walk in his art in which he did not particularly excel; his oriental eclogues, where it is moſt to be met with, contain nothing which can in the moſt diſtant degree be compared with the paſtoral ballads of Shenſtone. Whenever he attempted it he failed, as may be ſeen by the wretched conceits* with which he very unſuitably concludes his dirge,—his beautiful dirge in *Cymbeline*.

In his ode, Collins obviouſly imitated the ſongs of the Greek Chorus. Euripides was his maſter in the pathetic, but his chief excellence was in his allegorical painting, for which perhaps he was moſtly indebted to nature and obſervation.

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* "Belov'd 'till life can charm no more."
"And mourn'd 'till Pity's ſelf be dead."

The ode to the paſſions is generally eſteemed his maſterpiece ; but beauty rather than ſublimity is its character. The picture of cheerfulneſs is very diſtinctly and exquiſitely drawn. The idea in it

" Satyrs and ſylvan boys were ſeen
" Peeping from forth their alleys green,"

is very ſimilar to one of the ſportive poſitions in which the loves are exhibited in the celebrated painting of the marriage of Alexander, and Collins might have read " Du Bos," where it is deſcribed.

Nature, elegance, and a rich luxuriance of poetic fancy, ſhine with diſtinguiſhed luſtre throughout the works of Collins. The following lines are equal to Gray :

" They would have thought who heard the ſtrain
" They ſaw in Tempe's vales her native maids,
" Amidſt the feſtal ſounding ſhades.

" To ſome unwearied minſtrell dancing,
" While as his flying fingers kiſs'd the ſtrings,
" Love fram'd with mirth a gay, fantaſtic round—
" Looſe were her treſſes ſeen, her zone unbound;
" And he amidſt his frolic play,
" As if he would the charming air repay,
" Shook thouſand odours from his dewy wings."

The connection between Poetry and Sculpture, has often been noticed, and is at leaſt as old as the Furor of Virgil, in the temple of Janus. Collins's ſhort ode to mercy, the laſt four lines excepted, is a ſeries of beautiful *bas reliefs* in the claſſical antique.

The ode to Liberty is truly ſublime; it opens in the true ſpirit of a chorus ſong of SOPHOCLES. The fall of the Roman Empire is at all times a great object of contemplation. When Mr. Gibbon ſays at the concluſion of his hiſtory, " It was

amidſt the ruins of the capitol I conceived the firſt deſign of writing this hiſtory," the idea which is awakened in the mind is as vaſt as it is capable of receiving: yet Collins is hardly leſs ſublime.

" How Rome before thy weeping face
With heavieſt ſound a giant Statue fell,
Puſh'd by a wild and artleſs race
From off its wide ambitious baſe
When time his northern ſons of ſpoil awoke,
And all the blended work of ſtrength and grace
With many a rude repeated ſtroke,
And many a barb'rous yell to thouſand fragments broke."

The idea is well purſued in the lines which follow it; an equally ſublime part of this Ode is the Antiſtrophe, particularly the following lines:

" To the blown Baltic then they ſay
The wild waves found another way,

Where Orcas howls his wolfiſh mountains rounding
Till all the banded weſt at once 'gan riſe,
A wide wild ſtorm ev'n nature's ſelf confounding,
With'ring her giant ſons with ſtrange uncouth ſurprize.
This pillar'd earth ſo firm and wide,
By winds and inward labors torn,
In thunders dread was puſh'd aſide,
And down the ſhould'ring billows borne."

Theſe lines are very grand, but the idea is not novel; the ſeparation of an iſland from the continent had before exerciſed the muſe of *Virgil*.

In the uſe of epithets, Collins is generally ſucceſsful, but ſometimes a little overſtrained. "With'ring power," in the ode to fear, is exquiſite; but "dark power," from the aſſociation of fear with darkneſs, is puſhing common ſenſe to the utmoſt verge of thought.

Eclogue 2.

" A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his *ſhaded* face from ſcorching ſand."

Shaded is here ſuperfluous.

I ſhall conclude theſe obſervations on the odes and eclogues, with noticing the very beautiful figure in the ode to evening.

" Winter *yelling* through the troublous air."

We need not ſeek for the cauſe why the poetry of Gray and Collins ſtrikes the imagination with a ſenſation of which the term *rapture* conveys but a very feeble idea. They are the Poets of Nature, and Nature contains within herſelf abundant ſources of pleaſure.

THE RESPECTIVE INFLUENCE OF THE PRINCIPLES OF CHIVALRY, AND THE FEUDAL SYSTEM, AND THE MODERN SPIRIT OF COMMERCE & LIBERTY UPON THE HAPPINESS OF MAN.

THE improvements, as they are termed, which have taken place in the internal police of nations, have been produced by the liberality and freedom of thought, which has ſucceeded implicit confidence in eſtabliſhed opinions. The language of truth has defined with accuracy and preciſion the rights of the human race. The

chains of ſuperſtition which were forged by craft, and rivetted by power, have been burſt aſunder by the ſtronger force of reaſon; the feudal ſyſtem is aboliſhed; arts and ſciences flouriſh; liberty is defined with a philoſophical exactneſs, and demanded with a vehement ardor, bordering on madneſs; while the independance of opinion is as firmly eſtabliſhed as the natural propenſity of man to perſecution on this account will permit.

This change ought to be favorable to the happineſs of mankind. It would be preſumptuous to aſſert that the light communicated by ſcience, and by the free diſcuſſion of topics which naturally affect human felicity, have been the principal cauſes of his miſery; but as a queſtion of abſtract truth, I very much ſuſpect that the increaſe of knowledge has leſſened the

number of real enjoyments; that the violent purſuit of liberty is not attended with thoſe benefits which it ſeems to promiſe, and that the romantic ſyſtem of chivalry was better calculated to produce and to cheriſh thoſe virtues which are favorable to the happineſs of ſociety in general, and to the private felicity of the individual.

The ſyſtem to which I refer, is that pure inſtitution of chivalry which was founded on the ſtricteſt integrity of conduct, dignified by the moſt exalted generoſity of ſoul, and embelliſhed by the moſt elegant refinement of manners; a ſyſtem which has ennobled our national character, and produced a ſpirit of heroic enterprize, which the preſent diguſting frivolity of manners has not wholly extinguiſhed. Such was the feudal ſyſtem, ere the baſe inroads of wealth, and the luxuries generated by an

increaſing commerce, had changed the office of a protector to that of an oppreſſor; ere the amiable virtues of love and friendſhip were rudely cruſhed by the ſelfiſh vices of fraud and rapacity.

It is not my intention, nor does it come within our limits, to trace minutely the picture of the remote age of refined gallantry, and heroic atchievement; it will be ſufficient to the reflections intended to be drawn from it, if we pourtray the moſt ſtriking outlines of the portrait.*

There are few who have not read and admired the good ſenſe diſplayed in the inimitable work of CERVANTES; but as it would be uncandid to form our opinions

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* For more minute information, the reader may conſult M. de St. Palaye's ingenious work upon Chivalry.

of the intrinſic merit of chivalry from a profeſſed ſatire upon the abuſe of it, it may be ſufficient for the impartial inveſtigator to oppoſe to the Quixote of romance, the Bayard* of real life.

The ſyſtem of chivalry tended to produce the greateſt perfection of character; the courage of the knight was reſtrained from degenerating into ferocity, by habitual courteſy; he was to ſoothe by the moſt winning affability, that awe which a ſuperiority of rank creates; he was to encourage by an ingenuous frankneſs, an eaſineſs of acceſs, and to anticipate affection by an engaging eloquence; he was to abhor violence and rapine, from the hatred of injuſtice, and was ſuperior to the feelings

* Bayard fell at the retreat of the French in the Milaneſe. Anno 1524.

of envy, from a principle of univerſal benevolence; the love of equity was to be annexed to his privilege of magiſtracy,* and a liberal generoſity to the opulence of his ſtation; he was to adorn ſocial intercourſe by a graceful decorum, by a ſweetneſs and modeſty of temper. The general dignity of his character was to be ſuſtained by an inviolable attachment to truth, by an averſion to deceit, by a punctilious

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* Warton (Hiſt. of Eng. Poet. Vol. 1. 70, 438.) obſerves, that even the office of Coroner, was anciently executed by men of the greateſt reſpectability. The preamble of C. 2. 3d. Ed. 1. complains of mean and indiſcreet perſons being elected to this office, and orders them to be choſen from the moſt loyal and wiſe Knights (Chevaliers) and there appears to have been good reaſon for this ſtatute; for the Sheriffs and other officers of Juſtice (4 Ed. 3d.) in Co. Glo. were Tho. Ld. Berkeley's houſehold ſervants, and of his ſtanding wages in livery.

Lives of the Berkeley Family. M. S. v. 2, p. 270.

honor, and by a ſtrict adherence to his word. Of the fame of the fair ſex he was to be nicely ſolicitous; and a devotion to their intereſts was on all occaſions his darling principle. He was taught to regard the ties of friendſhip with peculiar ſacredneſs, and his piety in the cauſe of the church, and his gallantry in that of the fair, was to be fervent and active. The immediate reproof of the elder Knights was directed to ſuppreſs the encroaching arrogance, or the tumid boaſting of the younger; and the expreſs laws of the inſtitution enjoined him to narrate without diſguiſe, even his ignominious adventures, to the Herald who recorded them.* To

* Romances of recent events written by Heralds, ſeemed to have been begun in the 14th century.

Warton's Hiſt. Eng. Poet. v. 1. *p.* 331.

theſe virtues every grace of the gymnaſtic, ſocial, or elegant kind, was to be united; and had not the immature manners of the times ſpread an intellectual groſſneſs over the mind, and disfigured the beauty of the ſyſtem; had not the univerſal preponderating cupidity of military exploit,† or the jealous ſenſibility of gentilical pride, ſometimes been the parent of oppreſſion and injuſtice, we ſhould rather feel inclined to condemn than admire the ſatire of Cervantes.

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† M. de St. Palaye mentions an inſtance of a rebellion of Peaſants againſt their Lords, whom a few Knights attacked, and by their ſuperior diſcipline, eaſily diſperſed. The Knights, from their habits of thinking, felt highly indignant at this breach of ſubjection. The inſurrection ought to have been ſuppreſſed, but the grievances of the Peaſants ſhould have been attended to.

Though we admit that the jealouſy of military diſtinction muſt have kept the fears of the Knight conſtantly awake; though the dread of defeat muſt ſometimes have haunted him, and the fatigue of his profeſſion have cauſed a ſtruggle between nature and art; yet there was no other part of the ſyſtem which was not calculated to ennoble and gratify himſelf, and to bleſs others. Irreproachable and excellent in his domeſtic character, we behold it formed of the affectionate father, and the amiable huſband; the fond, but reſpectful attentions, which he was in the habit of paying and receiving, muſt have ſpread a ſoft and complacent pleaſure over his boſom, and the wiſe reſerve of a dignity that was never forgotten, have kept at a great diſtance, the diſguſting encroachments of a contemptuous familiarity.

The virtues which the Knight was incited to practise, uniformly tended to exalt that ambition of perſonal excellence, and that elevation of character, upon which was founded the baſis of his happineſs; and if we except ſuch interruptions to it as the paſſions might occaſion, the private life of the Knight, or the Baron, was perfectly conſonant to the feelings which their ſtations naturally produced. Their active habits, (and action is the only uncloying pleaſure) were conſulted in the nature of their amuſements, their pride and grandeur, in the ſtate which attended their domeſtic œconomy, and their power, and love of ſway, in the ready and unreluctant ſubmiſſion of all ranks below them. Courtſhip, that univerſally acknowledged ſource of pleaſure, formed a part of their accompliſhments. In the enjoyments of the

feudal caſtle, all was ſplendid, gratifying, and entertaining. There might exiſt little of reaſon,* and much of puerility, but the niceneſs of critical taſte did not operate

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* If the pre-eminence or degradation of the human mind be eſtimated by the ſtrong, or by the feeble exertion of manly qualities, which diſplay the excellence of reaſon, in the diſcovery of moral or natural truths, if we compute its perfection by the various and brilliant flights of an ardent imagination, we may ſearch for it in vain in feudal ages; in this view the ſtate of the mind in theſe times will be eſteemed by the enlightened modern, as truly deplorable. The miracles of the church, the fallacies of judicial aſtrology, and charms in medicine, were objects of ſerious credibility. The taſte of that age, widely different from that of the preſent, rejected ſimplicity, and diſplayed a profuſion of ornament. Wit conſiſted only of groſs ridicule, and low buffoonery; poetry was compoſed of incident and narrative, without the leaſt mixture of ſentiment; every thing bore, not an intellectual, but a mechanic and ſenſible caſt; dexterity was more cultivated than ability, entertainment more than improvement, and ennui was to be baniſhed, not by mental exertion, but by a direct

to the deſtruction of their felicity; and it is to be remembered, that Milton, both whoſe Allegro and Penſoroſo characterize two diſtinct kinds of happineſs, abſtracted

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occupation of the bodily faculties. The ſyſtem of Chivalry was too perfect for the reaſon of the age: Education was an artificial habit, the mere plating of affectation, on a mind and character rude and boiſterous.

But this does not affect the point in queſtion. A highly cultivated mind, if it has a keen ſenſe of refined pleaſures, is at the ſame time more open to that of pain. (Vide character of Fleetwood in the mirror.) Neither has the ſoul of exquiſite feeling any enjoyment in ſenſual luxuries: its pleaſures muſt be highly impregnated with intellectual ſpice, and ſerved up by the ſkill of a refined cook, ere they can be reliſhed by his nicely diſcriminating palate. Does any modern man of taſte enjoy the ſilly jeſts of a merry-andrew? Yet theſe jeſts, coarſe as they are, eaſily provoke the laugh of the ignorant ruſtic; we have only to decide whether a coarſe, or a refined taſte, is moſt likely to meet with the greater number of pleaſurable objects adapted to it. The anſwer is obvious—the refined mind muſt reſt in ſelf-approbation.

from ſenſe, has drawn from theſe ages, the principal images which adorn thoſe beautiful poems; and who is there that does not feel the juſtice of his ſentiments?

Indeed, if we examine it ſtrictly, we ſhall find that the whole private life of this age forms the pleaſurable part of the preſent. Hawks, hounds, converſation, muſic, gallantry, dancing, ſplendid and brilliant ſpectacles, were not then periodical relaxations, but uſual habits of living, ſubject only to the interruptions of war, or thoſe of civil buſineſs; nor can we preſume to queſtion the happineſs of a ſtate of life which was more perfect as it regarded the modes of pleaſure, than that enjoyed by the modern noble; their reſidence was always in the country, a ſituation which has ever been conſidered as the beſt adapted to felicity, as is evident from the ſenſe,

uſe and application of the word paradiſe.

Nor had the feudal ſyſtem a tendency unfavorable to ſome of the moſt ſublime virtues which adorn the human mind; bounty, gratitude, fidelity, and honour, branched out from the throne to the barony, the meſne tenantry, and the inferior ſubinfeudations. But the mind of the vaſſal was narrowed within the ſphere of his immediate relations; beyond theſe, he knew not neighbourly or ſocial regards. Habits of war, and violence, could not have been favorable to the promotion of humanity; and we perceive in the vulgar civil puniſhments, both low humour, and brutality, not unfrequent concomitants of each other.*

* As the ducking ſtool for ſcolding women, at Shepton Mallet in Somerſetſhire. Hugh de Vivone,

The influence of the abject ſubmiſſion under which, both from habit and intereſt, the feudal vaſſal laboured, muſt ſubdue many of thoſe impulſes which nature might

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Lord of the Manor, (Hen. 3d.) ſet up one of theſe, which Michael de Ambreſbury, Lord Abbot of Glaſtonbury, with ſome difficulty removed, by a ſuit at law.

Collinſon's Somerſet. iii. 360.

The Saxons, (for this ſtool is of great antiquity) called it a ſcealfing ſtool: that is, a chair wherein ſcolding women ſitting, were ducked in the water. Blount's ancient tenures, p. 151. At ſome of the courts held by the Lords of the Manor of Scaborough, Co. Somerſ. in the 3d. of Rd. 3d. two women were preſented as common ſcolds, and fined 1d. each. At the ſame time an order was made by the Court, that the tenants ſhould not ſcold their wives, under pain of forfeiting their cottages. In the 23d. Hen. 7th. an order was alſo made that tenant's wives ſhould not ſcold, under the penalty of 6s. 8d. Collinſon ut ſup. v. 2. p. 173. At the Manor Court of Chelſea, 2d. Rd. 2d. the wife of P. Wells was fined 6d. as a common babbler. Lyſon's Env. Lond. v. 2. p. 74.

generate, of acting up to the dignity of a moral agent; and the neceſſity of the guilty ſituations into which his obligations to his Lord * frequently threw him, was often incompatible with the exerciſe of virtue. To follow the chief to overawe a Court of Juſtice, to ruſh from the Caſtle † to plunder the neighbouring country, to give a verdict at the will of a Sheriff, ‡ or

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* Ankarette, wife of William Twyniho was by means of George, Duke of Clarence, forcibly carried off to Warwick, and under his menaces tried, condemned and executed. Collinſon ut ſup. See alſo Fenn's original letters. v. 3. p, 118.

† Though many of theſe crimes originated in the ſtate of the times, yet the ability of committing them was owing to the private military eſtabliſhments of the feudal ſyſtem.

‡ For inſtances of tampering with juries, Vide Fenn's Letters of the Paſton Family 11. 273.

to commit deliberate perjury,* were examples, the exerciſes of which muſt in a great meaſure, extinguiſh all philanthropical and ſocial feeling,† and unfortunately for the people of that age, juriſprudence formed no part of the military education of the baron, or the accompliſhments of the higher vaſſal, notwithſtanding the ex-

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* Carew. Stowe. Andrews.

† Our Kings were not much more attentive to the laws, than the Barons. Hen. 4th cauſed Archbiſhop Scroop to be executed without trial, by his own order only; and Jac. 1ſt, on his entry into this country, cauſed a cut-purſe taken in the fact at Southwell, to be inſtantly hanged. (Raſtall's Hiſt. of Southwell.) Sir Hen. Spelman ſuppoſes that the power of inflicting capital puniſhments became obſolete in the Baronial Courts, through the errors of the Stewards; the conſequence of which was ſometimes the loſs of their privileges.

Vid. Ld. Lyttlet. Hiſt. Hen. 2d. v. 5th, p. 312.

ercise of jurisdiction was vested in themselves.

But though the education of the vassal was purely military, and consequently excluded the knowledge of many moral and relative duties, yet that school is an excellent one for the improvement of the rustic; there he acquires habits of cleanliness, agility, grace, self-command, obedience, patience, manly behavior, reconciliation to pain, labor, and danger, and contempt of death. The instances are frequent, where we see visible marks of an improved character in the retired veteran.

This account of the virtues and vices which were generated by the feudal system, will be found to be tolerably accurate; and if we examine their effects on the felicity of man, I think the balance will incline in favor of ancient manners. Among the

virtues of former times, we regiſter a high ſenſe of honor, a generous gallantry, which begat ſelf-eſteem, a manly frankneſs, which prevented the pain of conſcious hypocriſy, a ſoundneſs of heart, which preſerved internal comfort, a fraternal union, that was the parent of all the pleaſures attendant upon diſintereſted amity, a diſdain of bodily ſufferings when purſuing the line of duty, an attentive regard, the offspring of exalted reverence for the fair ſex; and a fervent ſincerity of devotion. From theſe feelings may be traced many of thoſe cauſes which influence the real happineſs of man. The ſenſe of honor was the parent of integrity, which ſpares the frequent bluſh of mortified guilt. The body, inured to hardſhips and fatigue, was enabled to bear without murmuring the various attacks

of diſeaſe, which are rendered more excruciating by impatience and effeminacy; for bodily pain, or rather that imbecility of mind which renders corporeal feelings peculiarly acute, forms a large portion of the ſum of human miſeries.

Unqualified reverence for the fair ſex, is not only the moſt natural, but the moſt noble and generous paſſion that can animate the human heart; and the preſervation of the female character in its greateſt purity, is one of the grand barriers which muſt defend the ſtate from the inroads of political profligacy; for the natural attention which the ſtronger ſex pays to the ſofter, will produce a correſpondent dignity of manners, by habits of conſtant aſſimilation. If an unaffected ſenſe of honor prevails in the female boſom, the man who is ſuing for her ſmiles, muſt at

leaſt wear the ſemblance of probity and temperance; but female indelicacy will deſtroy every atom of public and private virtue; it gives a flowing rein to the diſſolute profligacy of men, whoſe paſſions unreſtrained on their attacks on female chaſtity, will range unconfined through every path of moral and political enormity.

If we examine the influence of the feudal ſyſtem on the happineſs of females in the middle and lower ranks of ſociety, its favorable effect muſt have been very conſiderable; inſtead of being educated in the acquirement of accompliſhments productive of ambition and miſery, they were brought up as attendants on ladies of rank, and inſtructed in all the arts which qualified them for the proper diſcharge of every domeſtic duty, and though from the influence of general refinement, more attention

is neceſſarily due to accompliſhments, yet there is an *excess* of regard paid to the elegant and the attractive, which has not a happy effect on the female character, becauſe it gives an unnatural priority of rank to the ornamental, over the uſeful, deſtructive to the indiſpenſable virtue of œconomy, and the diligent ſuperintendance of a family.

The neceſſity of ſincere religion in ſecuring the happineſs of individuals, is almoſt univerſally acknowledged, even in this age of general licentiouſneſs. A ſpirit that blunts the arrows of adverſity, that checks the ambitious arrogance, and preſerves the temperance of proſperity. A ſpirit which gives the ſoul a foretaſte of the exquiſite felicity of a future ſtate, to which every hope and every idea is exalted. A ſpirit that communicates patience in life,

and a triumphant fortitude in death, muſt ſpread over the ſoul, that calm ſerenity, that conſtant cheerfulneſs, which conſtitutes the definition of happineſs.

It muſt be admitted, that the felicity which ariſes from the conſciouſneſs of freedom, and a mild, uniform operation of law and police could not be enjoyed by the feudal vaſſal; but the ſubjection and inſecurity under which he laboured, was ſubmitted to with little reluctance;* and we may obſerve, that perſonal attachment (to which a willing obedience is concomitant) may be mingled with it, as well as an opinion of poſſeſſing a real intereſt in

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* The emancipation of the Scottiſh Clans from their feudal tyes, was by no means ſatisfactory to them; they had no wiſh for freedom; it was the meaſure of government to prevent rebellion.

the boſom of the Lord. This idea muſt be the parent of pleaſure, for it is the gratification of ſelf-conſequence. The revelry of the Caſtle Hall alleviated the labors of peace; minſtrelſy, archery, the holiday, and the rural ſports, were powerful charms to generate friendſhips, and repel the approaches of care; whilſt the pictureſque ſuperſtition of the Church† contributed to the common felicity. A relief from the burden of guilt was eaſily obtained, and that relief was believed to be efficacious.

Perhaps the roughneſs of manners which exiſted in ancient times, and which in ſome degree forms a contraſt with the poliſh of

† Perhaps ſuperſtition was at its acme in the reign of Canute; the bombaſt language of ſome of his laws is unequalled, even by the puritans of the laſt century.

modern ones, may be deemed to wound the felicities of life; but groſſneſs was not a ſource of miſery, for it blunted the edge of ſuffering, without diminiſhing the capacity of enjoying. Anger is, indeed, a temporary madneſs, but it is a relief of nature; and where there is a ſenſe of perſonal dignity, leaves no ſtings of penitence behind; and as the prevalence of rude manners was general, no pain could be felt from the apprehenſions of diſgrace.

Want, the moſt general cauſe of miſery, exiſted in a very low degree, under the feudal ſyſtem; immenſe charities, the munificence of the Lords, and the hoſpitality of the Abbey,* prevented the viſitation of

* Henry Jenkins, of celebrated longevity, remembered the diſſolution of Abbeys, and the "*great lamentation which was made on that account.*" When

hunger. Thus there was at all times a reſource for their natural and pleaſurable

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he was Butler to Lord Conyers of Hernby Caſtle, Marmaduke Bradley, Ld. Abbot of Fountains, did frequently viſit his Lord, and take a hearty glaſs with him. His Lord frequently ſent him to know how the Abbot did, who always ſent for him to his lodgings, and after ceremonies, as he called it, paſt, beſides Waſſells (fine bread) ordered him a quarter of a yard of Roaſt Beef for his dinner. He ſays, the Monaſtaries did deliver their Prieſts meat by meaſure, and a great black jack of ſtrong drink.

Gough's Brth. Topog. 11. p. 461.

We may notice from this account, that the Capital of the Nation, which is now employed in commercial purſuits, perſonal indulgences, and loans to government, was then conſumed in hoſpitality, charitable foundations, &c. Six hundred and ſixty-ſix appears to have been (according to the day book of the Comptrollers of the Wardrobe) the number of poor relieved by Edward 1ſt. every Sunday; but the numbers differed on the Saint's day which occurred in the week. The proſpect of our modern foreign commerce began to dawn in the reign of Elizabeth, and was begun by the Nobility: money was at that

wants, whilſt the gnawing ſenſations of diſcontent were ſcarcely felt. The barba-

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time ſcarce, and the people called Merchants, were generally Factors to the men of landed property, who were in poſſeſſion of the great maſs of wealth. Wool and Lead were the two principal articles of our exports. The Earl of Shrewſbury, (who poſſeſſed valuable mines) and Lord Burleigh, exported lead; and the Earl of Leiceſter was deeply engaged with the Muſcovy Company, then newly incorporated.

Lodge's Illuſtrat. Brit. Hiſt. v. 11. p. 211.

In the 39th Eliz. eleven poor bills were brought into Parliament. The injunctions upon keeping up hoſpitality in thoſe days are well known; and to what comparatively inferior orders of ſociety they extended, we may learn from the Acts of Archb. Parker's viſitation in 1561; where Robert Floter, Curate of Monkton, in the Iſle of Thanet, is noted as "A Prieſt, unmarried, ignorant of Latin, not hoſpitable, having no Benefice."

Lewis's Hiſt. of Thanet. p. 62

What is the inference? Henry diſſolved Abbies, Commerce introduced Luxury, and Hoſpitality periſhed. Poor-rates have been ſubſtituted; a change better for the ſuperior, but worſe for the inferior orders.

riſm of the age was natural, and therefore diſregarded; unacquainted with the conveniences of modern times, it was impoſſible they could feel their loſs.

The chains of ſlavery, we are told, are burſt aſunder; knowledge has been increaſing in all its branches, and liberty is called for by the univerſal voice of the world; paradoxical as it may appear, I am ſerioufly of opinion, that theſe circumſtances have produced no increaſe of happineſs to the human race; for man is caſt in ſuch a mould, that the ſame diſpoſition which prompts him to purſue with avidity the light of ſcience, which inflames his ſoul with the vivid flame of liberty, will inevitably plunge him into difficult ſituations, from which a more limited ſphere of knowledge, and the coercion of a ſeverer ſyſtem of policy, would certainly have preſerved him.

The benefits diffuſed by ſcience in this age, (and in no age have the moral and political branches of it been more ſtudied) which augment the real happineſs of the people, have been very ſcanty. The preſent general literary purſuits of the day have originated in a cynical and contemptuous ſpirit, which delights in the diſcovery of real or ideal imperfection. Thoſe who plunge deeply into the mud of modern philoſophy, being in the continual habit of reaſoning abſtractedly, entertain ſublime ideas of moral and political excellence, which no individual, or community, is capable of reaching: hence the inordinate love of power, of money, and of ſelfiſh gratification, which they perceive to be the grand ſprings of human conduct, find from them no indulgent allowance; they conſider not the nature of human paſſions,

nor the frailty of our common being ; they do not reflect, that in ſimilar ſituations, their own behavior might not have been more virtuous.

But whilſt the mind thus broods over the enormities and oppreſſions of others, it accumulates a ſtore of reflections, which will ultimately contribute to its own infelicity ; for, an indignant contempt of vice, long felt, fondly cheriſhed, and too well juſtified by a ſurvey of the world, will ſometimes terminate in the teſty peeviſhneſs of ſpleen, or the cold churliſhneſs of miſanthropiſm.

If the happineſs of ſociety depended on the progreſs of political diſcuſſion, the preſent age muſt be ſuperiorly felicitous. The ardent purſuit of enquiries concerning the nature and end of government, ought (if that truth be eſtabliſhed which is the object

of it) to build on everlaſting foundations, the fabric of human contentment. It has been aſſerted with confidence, and the aſſertion has been univerſally believed, that the miſtakes which are the cauſes of human miſery, are the offspring of ignorance; and that a general diffuſion of knowledge is the remedy for the evil. But the diſcuſſion of political queſtions which by laying open the ſources of truth, are ſaid to promote the welfare of ſociety, is perhaps the moſt powerful cauſe of thoſe tumults which give a mortal ſtab to its quiet. The paſſions of man are ſo irritable, that difference of opinion on ſpeculative politics, will ſtimulate the parties to decide that queſtion by force, which reaſon has attempted in vain. The variety of arguments which modern learning and ingenuity are able to advance on any ſide of a

queſtion, ſerves only to confirm the vehement mind in its previouſly adopted ſentiments; and whenever a country is curſed with the horrors of civil war, it may generally look for the cauſes which produced it, in the pages of thoſe writers who have been extolled as the enlighteners of the world, as promoters of the truth, and conſequently as increaſing the ſum of human happineſs.

The ſame reſtleſs activity which diſpoſes the mind to engage itſelf in political diſcuſſions, will frequently ſtimulate it to reduce its theories into practice. It has been affirmed, that ſparks of truth are generated by that colliſion of intellect which takes place by the univerſal agitation of opinion. Locke has been ſaid to have eſtabliſhed axioms as true reſpecting mind, as Newton has concerning matter;

but this aſſertion is vague and unphiloſophical; natural truths being chiefly objects of ſenſe, may be reduced by obſervation and experiment, to the unerring ſtandard of truth; but moral movements, depending entirely on the infinite variations of a machine acted upon by a thouſand fluctuating ſprings, cannot be reduced to any fixed rule, which may *poſitively* be termed that of right. The idea of political or moral rectitude, as oppoſed to that of error, muſt be infinitely various in any community; and perhaps this idea may be ſomewhat different in every mind, at leaſt in ſome of the lighter ſhades, ſo that ſtrictly ſpeaking, there may be as many political opinions in a ſtate, as there are individuals who compoſe it.

Who then will have the confidence to affirm that he alone is right? Is the pro-

pagation of opinion a pure and legitimate reaſon for the employment of force? The univerſal conſent of modern philoſophers has deprecated the ſword as a converter of infidels to the true religious faith,—yet modern philoſophers ſcruple not to defend the equity of commotion, to attain a political good. Are our earthly concerns of ſo much more moment than our heavenly ones, that peace and life is eſteemed as a trifling riſque in one case, and as too much to be hazarded in the ſlighteſt degree in the other?

Literature* has been conſidered as the grand ſource whence all improvements derive their origin; and improvement and felicity are generally connected in the

* See Godwin's enquiry concerning Political Juſtice, where this point is ſtrenuouſly inſiſted on.

minds of the Literati, (however their own experience might dictate a different language) but Literature has not amended the ſituation of the bulk of the people; it has communicated a keener ſenſe of the miſeries of poverty. Collation of ſentiment has not produced univerſal conviction, but it has increaſed the fervor of oppoſition, and deepened the animoſities of mankind.

Science may have enlarged our ſtock of pleaſures and conveniences; but theſe advantages are the lot only of the choſen few. It has produced miſery to its profeſſors; there is not in general a more jealous, envious, and unhappy race of men, than that of the profeſſed Literati; their propenſity to hypotheſis, and obſtinacy in defending it, their uſual ſingularity and eccentricity in the affairs of common life,

their very ſucceſs or failure expoſes them to enmity and detraction, or ridicule and mortification. How was the amiable NEWTON pained, amidſt all his greatneſs, by the perſevering oppoſition of HOOK.

Knowledge, by increaſing ſenſibility, bares the heart to the arrows of miſery; very few are the hiſtories of eminent literary characters, which are not catalogues of their ſorrows: the general diffuſion of learning may have had ſome influence in humanizing the heart, but it has been unfavorable to general union, to fraternal love, to charity, to meekneſs, to humility, to every virtue which our religion enjoins, and to the generality of thoſe feelings which conſtitute the happineſs of mankind.

Hiſtory informs us that improvements in ſcience have not meliorated thoſe evils

which ariſe from the indulgence of the paſſions. Every great and important introduction of the moſt apparent ſalutary truths, has invaded the perſonal felicity of man. The riſe of commerce, the abolition of the feudal and monaſtic ſyſtems, has impoveriſhed the loweſt orders of ſociety, in a degree which no legal aſſiſtance can redreſs; the reformation uſhered in with blood and perſecution, engendered a ſpirit of bigotry, narrowneſs of mind, and intolerance, which ended in a toleration that has perpetuated a variety of ſects, not generally unwilling, on the removal of legal reſtraints, to perſecute each other. The expulſion of the Stuarts, though highly neceſſary, and perfectly juſt, has been the parent of a grand diviſion of the ſtate into two parties, cheriſhing mutual enmity, hatred, and animoſity towards

each other. This ſingle event has engendered invaſion, rebellion, and exile. The promulgation of modern republican opinions has ſpread turbulence, murder, riot, and ſedition, throughout ſociety. Nor has ſcience, with all its boaſted eulogiums, introduced a ſingle truth of moment, either civil or religious, but its progreſs has been marked with perſecution, diſorder, and miſery; has ſown the ſeeds of ſtrife and alienation between man and man. The pride of ſcience has generated ſuch a ſpirit of inflexible reverence for abſtract ſyſtem and opinion, as will ſacrifice its moſt ſolid poſſeſſions of comfort and tranquillity, with all the zeal of martyrdom; it has utterly deſtroyed the benign influence of benevolence, and has made the reciprocation of conceſſion the moſt difficult of all things.

If ſcience has enlightened and improved us, its effects are not unſimilar to thoſe which took place at the promulgation of the Goſpel in Mexico by the *Spaniards*; it did not increaſe the ſtock of virtues, but it created a number of crimes.

The diſcovery and publication of a religious or political truth, is the inſtant ſignal of contention; virulence of language, ridicule, perſonal inſults, frequently mingle themſelves in theſe violent but unprofitable diſputes. The temporal intereſt of men ſometimes ſuffer from the effects of the controverſy, but their peace of mind ſeldom eſcapes a wound.

The hiſtory of the progreſs of Chriſtianity, from the time of Conſtantine, is a perfect Newgate Calendar; from the fourth century to the papal reign, it conſiſts of proſcriptions, exiles, and murder: under

the pontificates of oppreſſive tyranny over thoſe nations who ſubmitted to the ſpiritual empire, which was upheld by every trick of fraudulent ſwindling. Nor does the reformed æra preſent a much fairer proſpect; for here we meet with revenge, penal ſeverities, and perſecution. The hiſtories (many of them melancholy ones) of a few pious, learned, and excellent men alone relieve this diſgraceful picture. The court of Inquiſition is a horrid inſtitution, a reproach to human nature, a terrible engine of eccleſiaſtical vengeance, and directly oppoſite to the ſpirit of chriſtianity. But I ſhould be inclined to doubt whether the catalogue of the miſeries it has inflicted on mankind, is either ſo long or ſo dreadful, as that which exiſts in thoſe countries which have rejected the inſtitution with abhorrence.—When will the genius of the

religion of Jeſus be better underſtood?—When will its hiſtory become more reſpectable?

Theſe obſervations on the effects of ſcience, are by no means digreſſive; for every thing which conſtitutes the felicity of man, as far as it is derived from political inſtitutions, is ſuppoſed to owe its origin to the progreſs of knowledge;—an axiom of unmixed error.

Nor will it unfrequently be found, that the ſame diſpoſition which ſtimulates the underſtanding to apply itſelf to nice ſpeculations concerning thoſe rights which equity claims for man, which arduouſly ſtruggles to reduce its theories to practice, is compoſed of materials, which in the mingled commerce of human life, will often deſtroy its own felicity; in ſuch an active mind we may ſometimes diſtinguiſh

a conceit of the ſuperiority of its diſcriminating faculties, a ſovereign contempt for the underſtandings of others, an invincible pride, which diſdains to ſubmit to the deciſions of authority, and an inflexible obſtinacy, which refuſes to ſurrender an atom of its rights to gratify the prejudices of ignorance. When theſe propenſities pervade the private conduct of man, and diffuſe themſelves through the affairs of common life; the unaccording paſſions of others will frequently involve their poſſeſſor in many unpleaſant, and many diſagreeable ſituations.

That violence which ſometimes inflames the mind, when its whole faculties are employed in defence of ſyſtem, is equally abſurd and preſumptuous; it can be defended on no other ground but that of infallibility. The rage for controverſy has

opened the ſluices of the ferocious paſſions, and poured the ſcalding torrent over every tender plant of humanity. Man, in the purſuit of a multiplicity of rights, ſometimes undefinable, frequently impracticable, and often contradictory to each other, has forgot the practice of his plaineſt duties,—Juſtice and Benevolence.

The influence of the philoſophical ſpirit on the condition of the inferior orders of ſociety, will not appear to be favorable; for no conſideration is allowed in the modern ſyſtem of manners, for the ſocial wants of man, the indulgence of which is almoſt excluſively confined to the fortunate children of wealth. The labourer is ſix days employed in inceſſant toil, and the ſeventh he ought not to be *permitted* to pervert. The diffuſion of knowledge may have enlightened his underſtanding, and

given more expanſion to his reaſon; but plain reaſon is an unamiable puritan, that ſeldom allows an excuſe for the pleaſurable wants of human kind. The ancient ſyſtem of labor was ſimilar to a ſchool, not where the obdurate maſter impoſes continual reſtraints, but where the more humane and wiſer preceptor permits frequent and amuſing relaxations.

True it is, that the purſuits of commerce, and the aſſiſtance which they have received from the labors of philoſophy, have evidenced the avenue to the temple of riches; but ſituations of independance, much leſs thoſe of opulence, few can hope to attain. The felicity of the bulk of ſociety muſt ariſe from other cauſes than the profundity of philoſophical diſcuſſion, the daring enterprizes of ſpeculative avarice, or the fopperies of faſhion generated by vicious opu-

lence; it muſt ſpring from an eaſy means of obtaining a ſecurity from the immediate demands of hunger and nakedneſs, from frequent relaxations of labor, (for reſt is an enjoyment peculiar to the *natural* ſtate of man*) and from a cultivation of the ſocial principle; we may deſpiſe the village dances of the old French Peaſantry, or the muſical pleaſures of the Italian, or the Savoyard; yet great would be the difficulty in proving that they did not chiefly contribute to their happineſs.

We have loſt the barbarity of the feudal ſyſtem, but we are plunged into a refinement no leſs barbarous, becauſe it is more unnatural, and more deſtructive of human

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* All Savages hate toil, and place happineſs in inaction.

Tench's Port Jackſon. p. 188.

felicity; a refinement, which by the wants it creates, has engendered a ſordid avarice, which ſwallows up every generous emotion of the ſoul, and damps that vivid flame of charity and beneficence, which has frequently ſhot a radiant luſtre on a dark and barbarous age.

To the amiable and benevolent Knight of Chivalry, we oppoſe the ſpiritualized Philoſophy of the preſent day, who endeavours to realize abſtract truths, without regard to relative circumſtances, who brings into life a defiance of the eſtabliſhed homages of mankind, and a paſſion for innovation and experiment. Very amiable and excellent is that philoſophy which is employed in correcting its own character; but the ſpirit of modern ſyſtem takes an intellectual direction only, and extends no farther than opinion.

Yes.—The characteriſtics which diſtinguiſh the manners of former days from thoſe of the preſent, are widely different. On one ſide we behold a dignified honor, which avoided the appearance of meanneſs; on the other we view every noble principle ſacrificed on the altar of Plutus; there we perceive a dignified decorum, and a ſtrictneſs of manners, which exalted the character; here a general profligacy of conduct, which levels that character to the duſt; there we diſcover a refined attachment, which while it profeſſed to defend, contributed to preſerve the chaſtity of females; here an unmanly triumph in the deſtruction of that honour, which ought to be protected at the hazard of life; one ſide of the picture preſents the brilliant and ſteady light of an ardent and ſincere devotion, the other exhibits the ſombrous ſhade

of open impiety, or of cold infidelity. There we may contemplate the refreſhing ſtreams of benevolence, which wandered in a thouſand channels; here we view wealth ſtagnate in a corrupting and uſeleſs reſervoir.

To meliorate the ſtate of man, ſhould be the object of true philoſophy and of juſt legiſlation. The labors of uſeful ſcience ſhould be immediately directed to this grand point; but until we have an accurate conception of and a cordial eſteem for thoſe ſocial fundamentals, which can alone form a durable baſis to a benevolent ſyſtem, a malignant ſpirit of diſcord will counteract every attempt at harmonious effect; until then we ſhall not poſſeſs faculties to enjoy or to endure that liberty which a fertile imagination can warmly conceive, and of which every recluſe ſtudent eaſily forms the

theoretical limits. But whilſt we are thus ſpeculating in the moſt ſanguine anticipation of the progreſs of improvement and a future ſuperior character in man, experience ſtrongly aſſerts, that general rights muſt be extorted by violence, and ſecured by coercion, and that coercion deſtroys the liberty it would ſecure.

Such is the nature of human affairs, that evils of the moſt momentous concern, are conſequences of what are deemed our greateſt bleſſings. Philoſophy by ſubtilizing the plaineſt truths, by frittering morality and policy into a thouſand uſeleſs parts, has volatilized that underſtanding which it profeſſed to enlighten. Exalted reaſon fertilizes reſource, widens the ſphere of power, and diſarms fortune of its capriciouſneſs; but to machiavellian policy has ever been united, uncontrolled ambition, extortionate

villainy, and ſuppreſſed humanity ! Liberty in its moſt equitable diſpenſations by conferring eternity of duration upon contending intereſts and perſonal alineations, diminiſhes the ſum of general power. Diſintereſted public conduct is only compatible with ſimple habits, unaſpiring moderation, and ſatisfied neceſſities ; but the voluptuous eaſe and the gratifying power of wealth will ever find an intereſt in the perpetuation of old, and the creation of new abuſes, will render the admiſſion of virtue into practical politics, abſolutely impoſſible. Religion will dictate a pure morality, and patriotiſm a virtue of character, to which commerce, luxury, and avarice, will ever oppoſe their more potent attractions ; and though trade and manufacture, by the indiſpenſible neceſſity they create of protection and ſecurity, have formed a pacific

character unknown to the feudal ages; yet ability of defence is thereby enfeebled, and national welfare entrufted to the precarious honor of a mercenary army; but the virtues of our rulers muft in free and defpotic ftates, be the main foundation upon which political good can be built, for conftitutions and rights, in the view of public benefit, are infecure formularies, which the virtues of a WASHINGTON may fupport, or the vices of a ROBESPIERRE deftroy, but as a difplay of imperfections often intuitively fuggefts the remedies which are proper to correct them, we may learn not *always* to account conftitutional integrity the prudifh affectation of political puritanifm.

It cannot be denied but that the habit of contemplating the progrefs of liberty and fcience may fuggeft plaufible and animating

hopes of enlarging the happineſs of mankind, but the human character from the influences of cauſes which will ever exiſt is not ſuſceptible of complete and laſting modification to the precepts of abſtracted ſyſtem; we know that Empires have their dates as well as men; that as the mind becomes vitiated by the indulgence of its luxuries, that as the body more rapidly decays in proportion as it has rioted in ſenſualities, ſo muſt kingdoms whoſe reſtraints are removed, where opinion roves free and uncontrolled, haſten ſpeedily to their decline; that the light of the new philoſophy and the grand diſcovery of human rights have probably accelerated the progreſs of national debaſement. They have taken a curb from the mouth of a reſtive and vicious animal, which can alone prevent him from ruſhing towards the

precipice, and plunging into the waves of deſtruction.

But (we ſhall be aſked) is error to be perpetuated? are we to diſcountenance the purſuits of literature, and diſcourage the diſcoveries of ſcience? he would certainly appear raſh and preſumptuous, who ſhould attempt to ſever from the political body thoſe adventitious ramifications which have ſhot themſelves into its vital parts, and given a bias to its temperament, and which it muſt continue to ſupport. Convinced as we are of the baneful effects of the mighty career of knowledge in the final reſult, we muſt ſtill exclaim with all the honeſty and fervor of a deep-rooted enthuſiaſm, let the progreſs of ſcience and of liberty be rapid, and let their foundations be ſtrong, even though like the hero of Iſrael ſeated between the pillars of national

happineſs they pull it down to the very ground.

But perhaps we may conclude that the violent contentions which take place on abſtract points, and which too often produce the moſt dreadful convulſions in ſociety, are abſolutely neceſſary to complete the general ſcheme of the œconomy of the univerſe; to fulfil the decrees of that awful being whoſe deſigns are inſcrutable to human wiſdom. That it is not in nature that an Empire ſhould have an uniform ſtate of exiſtence for any length of time, and that it is ſtill leſs natural that improvement ſhould be ſo progreſſive as to ſecure the moral or political happineſs of man; that hiſtory (which teaches more in a ſingle page, than a thouſand ſyſtems of thoſe adventrous ſpeculatiſts who launch into the wide ocean of opinion without

chart or compaſs) will inform us that Kingdoms have diverged towards diſſolution by the very cauſes which their inhabitants imagined would have ſecured their exiſtence forever.

END OF VOL. I.

ERRATA.

Page 12—laſt line. "*Enthuſiaſm occupied by ſuperſtition.*" It ſhould have been—*Enthuſiaſm filled that place in the mind which was formerly occupied by ſuperſtition.*

Page 96 is wrong paged, it is now 70.

Page 166—line 2. *s* left out of the word *cumbrous.*

Page 220—line 12. Inſtead of "evidenced" read *widened.*

Page 222—line 10. Inſtead of "philoſophy" read *philoſopher.*

MISCELLANIES,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

BY

EDWARD GARDNER,

VOL. II.

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1798.

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BY

The AUTHOR.

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BARROW-HILL,

GLOCESTERSHIRE.

SWEET are the joys the feeling boſom knows,
When o'er the ſoul a penſive ſoftneſs flows;
When in full dream of happineſs the mind,
On nature's lap maternal is reclin'd.
Whether along the lone wood's ſide we ſtray,
Or by the ſedgy riv'let wind our way,
Or on the barren heath whoſe ſameneſs drear,
The gorgeous tints of gold and purple cheer,
Or through the dell 'tween rocks vaſt, craggy, ſteep,

Where 'midſt the crumbling ſtones the clear
ſprings leap,
With paſſion calm and extacy ſerene,
The ſoul exulting, revels on the ſcene.
Whilſt in the heart the dear ſenſations live,
Improvement new all nature's charms
receive;
More ſoothing ſeem the murmurs of the
wave,
More cool in ſummer's glare the ſhelly cave,
More dark the ſolitary oak's broad ſhade,
More ſweet the robin's ev'ning ſerenade,
The charms that ſcenic beauty can impart,
Find their chief force in the impaſſion'd
heart:
Felt not in vain, for with this taſte may flow,
The ardent wiſh to ſoften human woe:
Hence the ſweet melting tone, the accent
mild,
When ſorrow weeps o'er miſery's hapleſs
child;

Firm Friendſhip's warmth, affection's look
ſincere,
Love's heaving ſigh and ſadly ſoothing tear.
Religion too if taſte be in her train,
May find a ſweet companion of her reign.
The mighty power that bade this planet riſe,
Glows in the tints that beautify the ſkies;
Soft to the eye reflects the velvet green,
In the dark umbrage of the wood is ſeen;
In the rough rock, the riv'let's rippling way,
In the ſoft ſonnets, ſung from every ſpray;
In nature's mildeſt, or her rudeſt form,
Summer's warm bloom, or winter's blaſting
ſtorm.
Then think not paths like theſe are vainly
trod;
" The paths of nature, lead us on to God."

Ah! then whilſt warm the vivid feelings
glow,

Softly I'll mount yon gentle ſummit's brow,
And gaze below where rough Sabrina pours
Along the bending vale her Cambrian ſtores.
Charm'd with the ſcene the ſtream prolongs its ſtay,
And gently ling'ring winds its lengthened way;
Soothing its billows rough with calmneſs ſtill,
It fondly turns around it's BARROW-HILL.
Triumphant view! new worlds before us riſe,
Fluſh on the gaze, and ſtrain the buſy eyes;
The far-off blue-hill where the mantling cloud
Weaves round its ſpiry brow a miſty ſhroud:
The wide-ſtretch'd field with yellow harveſts warm,
The whiten'd cottage, the encircled farm;
The ſtream's bold reach along its redd'ning ſide;

The march majeſtic of the ſolemn tide;
The ſhades of rugged rock and fringing
wood,
That undulating dance adown the flood;
Queen of the weſtern ſtreams, hail Severn
hail!
Wide boaſt of Cambria! glory of this vale!
Long may thy broad expanſe of waters ſweep
In rolling volumes to the weſtern deep,
Long may the gazing ſtranger on thy ſhore
Admire the wonder of thy raging Boar;*
To my lone walk, my muſing bliſs a friend,
Flow river on till time itſelf ſhall end!

---

* The Boar, Hygra, or Flood's head, is in this Iſland peculiar to the Severn and ſome of its tributary rivers. The ſalt water ruſhes into its channel in a ſolid column, which in ſome places where the bed of the ſtream is contracted is twenty feet in height. The roar which this influx occaſions, is frequently heard at the diſtance of ſeveral miles.

The morning's miſt withdraws its azure veil ;
Near—and more near I ſpy the whiten'd ſail.
Sweeping the flood with air of triumph bold,
Purſuing barks their haughty voyage hold :
In nearer ken the morning's new-born ray,
Silvers the ſmoothneſs of their wat'ry way ;
Peeps from the fluttering vane with wily glance,
Sports in the ſhifting ſails with fairy dance,
Before the prow on flaſhing billows rides,
Or down the ſtream in gleamy ſoftneſs glides.
Safe may they go and with ripe nature's ſpoil
Reward the ſons of Commerce for their toil.
Here on my fav'rite Hill I'll pauſe awhile :

The ſky late frowning chears me with a
ſmile,
The dews, thoſe virgin handmaids of the
morn,
That hung their modeſt lamps upon the
thorn,
Shun the bold kiſſes of the wanton ray
And ſoftly glide with ſtealing ſteps away.

Now firſt behold the river's wid'ning reach
Swell to a lake upon our Frampton's beach:
Whoſe marge, that winds a tedious progreſs
round
Dips in the ſky its evaneſcent bound.
Between the jutting meads and towered
fane
With pleaſing change ſet off the glaſſy plain;
The cots that line the ſhore from terror
ſeem
To ſteal into the land and ſhun the ſtream.

Here ſaſon proweſs from the ruffian Dane*
Wreſted the golden pride of Autumn's plain.
Here in dark grandeur o'er the ſhaded ground,
The nodding battlements of CLIFFORD frown'd,
Stately and tall, where ROSAMANDA fair
(As legends ſay) firſt breath'd the vital air.
Angelic Maid as fair as fair could be!
It was the bliſs of Heaven to look on thee,
Like Venus riſing from the mantling foam
Of Ocean, round her eaſy graces thrown—
Pellucid lawn through juſt a twilight ſhade

---

* In the reign of Edward the Elder on Auguſt 5, 904, the Danes on their march loaded with ſpoils which they had gathered on the banks of the Severn, were attacked in Woodend's field in this Pariſh by an Army of the Mercians and Weſt Angles, totally routed, and three of their Kings ſlain.

The finiſh'd beauties of thy form diſplay'd.*
Ah why did grandeur tempt thee thus to roam
Far from the confines of thy native home ?

---

* Roſamond was not only remarkable for Beauty, but for Vivacity and Wit :—She wore garments of tranſparent linen called nebulæ (clouds or miſts) through which her ſhape appeared. She had alſo an admirable caſket in which among other things the ſports of Animals were exhibited. Roſamond as well as the moſt beautiful Ladies of the day took great delight in viewing the wild animals with which Henry I. had ſtocked the park at Woodſtock. To this place the young men of faſhion in the neighbourhood uſed to reſort, to get a ſight of her if poſſible.

Hearne's Lib. Nig. Scac. Vol. 1.

Lord Littleton conceives the intrigue of Henry and Roſamond to have begun in the year 1149, when the King was little more than 16 years of age. The ſame writer aſſerts upon the authority of Dugdale's Baronage, that before her death ſhe retired to the Nunnery of Godſtowe and there died, but in what year he could not diſcover.

Hiſt. Hen. II. Vol. III. p. p. 43, 44, 8*vo. Ed.*

See ſhadows dark o'ercloud the radian
ſcene—
O ſhun the 'vengeful rage of HENRY'
Queen !
Vainly pleads beauty againſt jealous power
Vain are the twiſted mazes of thy bower ;
Ah murd'rous woman ſpare the trembling
Maid ;
Think by her grief the debt of honor paid
Frail is the plea,—the poiſon'd bowl ſhe
drains !
Did ſhe for this deſert SABRINA's plains ?
Happier if ſtill in this ſequeſter'd ſpot
This Roſe had bloom'd unſeen, and dy'd
forgot.*

---

* This ſtory of the death of Roſamond is given merely on tradition which materially varies both the place of her reſidence and the mode of her exit. Knighton aſſerts ſhe died a natural death, and Fullham is given to her as a dwelling.

Lyſſon's's envir. Lond. vol. 2

Our village ſtill tenacious of her fame
Delights to prattle of the fair one's name:
In newer times a ſtately pile we've ſeen
Riſe with ſuperior pride upon the green;
Ah! rear'd by one of gentle Clifford's blood
Who felt the luxury of doing good.
The grateful villager ſhall pour the ſtrain
To him* who "*tam'd the genius of the plain*;"
He bade the ſtagnant waters leave the land
And ſnatch'd from fell diſeaſe its powerful wand;
Each rugged path of humble life he ſmooth'd
Its wants by bounty, woes by pity ſooth'd.
Still on the ſpot he lov'd, his goodneſs breathes;
Fair virtue here her faireſt garland wreathes:

---

* R. Clutterbuck Eſq.

Compaſſion ſees her influence mild extend,
Here ſtill the friendleſs finds the ready friend.

Now from the miſt breaks forth yon village ſpire *
Tipp'd by the level ray with beamy fire;
The circling elms that lower viſion ſhroud
Look in grey dimneſs through the fleecy cloud:
Deem not inglorious that reflected fame
Which ſtill adorns this village paſtor's name;†
Who with the wealth of academic lore,
Was doom'd the mind of ADDISON to ſtore;

* Slimbridge.

† The perſon here alluded to was Wm. Craddock, D. D. The tutor of Addiſon at Magdalen College, Oxford, and afterwards Rector of Slimbridge. The biographia Brittanica (Fol. Edit.) informs us that the claſſical taſte of Mr. Addiſon was acquired at College.

To aid the chaſteneſs of his claſſic ſtile,
And, more than this, behold his living ſmile.

Full to the right, and ſtretching to the ſkies,
See Stinchcombe Hill a giant mountain riſe.
Though haughty mount thy proſpects wide extend,
Our knoll more humble ſhall with thee contend;
Though higher far thy daring ſummit towers,
Sublimity be thine, but beauty ours.

If to the right the raviſh'd eye we turn
We feel the breaſt with martial ardor burn;
Boſom'd in wood ſee BERKELEY Caſtle ſtand,
Its old keep frowning o'er the proſtrate land;

Gloomy, retir'd, and dark! yet did all
conſpire
To guard a Baron from a Baron's ire;
Ere milder, juſter, equal laws began,
To ſhelter man from fierce ferocious man.
Yet to the mind enwrapt in ancient lore,
Theſe walls a thouſand pleaſing thoughts
reſtore,
Of hawks, and hounds, the jouſt, the
minſtrel's ſong,
The lordly Baron with his vaſſal throng;
The ev'ning dances where the Knight array'd,
In ſilken tokens woo'd the blue-ey'd maid;
And would theſe walls had ne'er been heard
to ring
With ſhrieks of horror from a ſlaughter'd
King!

Now down Sabrina's ſtream the ſtretch'd
eye roves,

And views O PERSFIELD wild, thy witching groves.
Enrapt'ring ſcenes! that thrill the captive ſoul,
While taſte bends nature to her juſt controul.
Here let not poliſh'd MORRIS be forgot,
Whoſe fertile genius beautify'd this ſpot;
Who rear'd on ſterile hills the thick'ning ſhade,
And dreſſed with varied taſte the mead and glade.
Chill'd by hard fortune's with'ring blaſt he goes
To climes remote.—His ardent boſom glows
Warm in his country's cauſe,—he waſtes his wealth,
Waſtes what he better loves, repoſe and health.

Hither Britannia turn thy cruel eyes,
Immur'd within a priſon dark he lies;
To fill his ſorrows to the brim behold
His fancy's child, his patrimony ſold.
The mournful muſe a veil of darkneſs throws
O'er the ſad tale ſhe bluſhes to diſcloſe.
Peace to his ſhade, his virtues ſole return
Are truth and juſtice weeping o'er his urn.

Now heaving trembles the prophetic land,
The coming Hygra* beats upon the ſtrand;
Now round the rugged cliff's aſpiring head,
Their whirling foam the raging waters ſpread;

---

* For an explanation of this term vide p. 5

The conflict paſt, with wave more ſoft and ſtill
Old Ocean's bimy ſtores our channel fill,
Swell the proud ſtream and wandering diffuſe
Their rich abundance o'er the waſhy ooze.
From the full tide the leſſ'ning ſhade retires,
The boiſt'rous wind with lulling moan expires,
Unruffled glides the ſparkling ſtream. The roar
Of rocks, woods, waters, now is heard no more;
Bleaching the blue of Heaven, the ſun's white ray
Pours his full radiance on the noon of day;
And now at home, beloved home behold
Our FRAMPTON's lake a glittering flame of gold;

Where the bright eſſence of the burning
beam,
With one vaſt ſheet of fire inlays the ſtream;
And ſhould the breeze impatient of its reign
The brooding light throw o'er the adverſe
plain;
Th' illumin'd front of Hay-hill houſe
diſplays,
Its glaſſy honors ſhining with the blaze.
From its green ſlope this monarch of the
wood
Surveys the ſweeping length of all the flood;
From the tall rocks that nod upon the
ſtrand,
Where yellow mundic glitters on the ſand;
To where Avona flows in virgin pride
To pay her homage to the royal tide,
Each ſhore ſublime, each ſpot of ſoft
delight,
Is fully ſeen from this romantic ſite.

'Tis ſweet to gaze upon this charming ſeat
Whilſt pugnant fancy paints each cool retreat;
But ſweeter far if privileg'd to rove
'Neath the dark umbrage of the hanging grove;
To paſs with liſtleſs eaſe the rapid hours,
On ſhelving lawns, or in ſequeſter'd bowr's:
Whilſt genuine taſte, and native beauty's grace,
With ſweeteſt concord bleſs this happy place.
Dean's ample foreſt with its darker hue
Throws this rich picture ſtrong upon the view;
Dean's ample foreſt where at peep of morn
Was wont to ſound the Norman's hunter's horn,
Who down the *riding* grand triumphant rode,

Scaring the tall ſtag from his night's abode;
That ſpringing on his feet with wild amaze,
Tripp'd to ſome alley's end to turn and gaze.
There the broad oak's deep ſhade and murm'ring arms
Spreads o'er the mind its melancholy charms;
The boſky thicket ſhroud the trembling ſtream,
Shining through branchy glooms with ſilver gleam:
The primroſe blazes on the brier'd mound,
The blue-bell beams its purple light around;
With fern's brown waſte to deſolate the ſcene,
Enliv'end only by the breaks of green.
There the lone wood-cock ſeeks the thorny brake,
The moor-hen flutters on the narrow lake.

Here from a knoll the wond'ring traveller
ſees,
The caſtle's ruins* boſom'd deep in trees;
(Whoſe nodding towers, and arching roofs
ſublime,
Are crumbling by the gradual graſp of time.)
Sees intermingled charms of rough and
mild,
Nature's ſublime and beauteous, grandly
wild.

Beneath the foreſt hills of ſhaggy wood
See Newnham's little Church o'erlook the
flood;
Like a tall Pharos in exalted pride,
The diſtant mariner's auſpicious guide.
Here firſt as hiſt'ry tells, its wealth to aid

---

* St. Briaval's.

Was ice mechanic, mimic chryſtal made ;*
Malleable diamond that with cunning care
Severs the ſubtle bonds of light and air.

But now the ſun obliquely ſhoots his ray,
Pauſing awhile at the decline of day ;
O'er the blue hills now ſhines his glancing
beam,
Now gilds with varniſh rich Sabrina's ſtream,
Pleas'd I behold the vale of Gloceſter ſmile,
Her plains of plenty, and her laughing ſoil ;
Where water'd by a thouſand tinkling rills,
The land one wide delicious garden fills,
Skirted by hills of antic ſhapes that try,

---

* Sir Edward Manſell in the reign of King Charles the Firſt, erected here the firſt glaſs-houſe in England. The Manufactory was conducted wholly by the Venetians under the patronage of the Duke of Buckingham.

With rude rough majeſty to lure the eye.
The ſtream of proſpect flowing down the vale
Expatiates freely as the wanton gale.
Upon a rich and mingled ſcene we gaze
Where ſpiry fanes in mellow radiance blaze,
Where o'er the tangled orchard's hazy gloom
Tinted with bluſhes ſhines the ſnowy bloom;
Where on ſome ſpeckled knoll the hamlet lies
Or wood-girt villa's peeping roofs ariſe,
Or where along an unrepoſing land
In waving ranks perpetual harveſts ſtand,
Or where upon a plain of living green
Some grouping herds to picture moulds the ſcene;
Dimly the land-marks of the vale we trace,
The fam'd Cathedral towr's embroidered grace,

MAY-HILL fir-top'd on whoſe inclining
plain,
In annual gambols ſports the village ſwain ;
MALVERN whoſe heights cloſe turban'd by
the ſky,
Rough, rude, and wild, with alpine moun-
tains vie.

Cloſe to the hill like ſome old giant oak
With rough arms blaſted by the lightning's
ſtroke,
I view O WHEATENHURST thy manſion
wild,
Forlorn and ſad where once the Muſes
ſmil'd ;
Where youthful CAMBRIDGE ſtruck the
claſſic lyre,
Join'd judgment chaſte with fancy's ardent
fire ;
Form'd by his hand how ſmil'd the flow'ry
glades,

Cool was the grot and cool the embow'ring
ſhades;
Tho' chang'd, alas, by time's deſtructive
waſte,
There ſtill I trace the magic hand of taſte:
Of late how oft enraptur'd have I rov'd
O'er the ſweet ſcenes his pregnant fancy
lov'd,
Where undiſturb'd with winding pace and
flow
To Severn's wave the FROOME's grey
waters flow;
(Pleas'd have I view'd it through the green
vale glide
And paus'd beſide its ſtream at even-tide.)
Where the caſcade of ſheety falling floods
With frothy foamings gleams between the
woods;
Woods ah! no longer vocal to his ſtrains,

How ſoon was genius loſt to theſe deſerted
plains.

Oh, Wheatenhurſt! I look on thee and
feel
A ſolemn ſadneſs o'er my boſom ſteal;
Entranc'd I ſeem and in my dreaming eye
The ſhades of mighty dead paſs mournful by:
Ah! what is grandeur's periſhable pride?
A bubble ſailing down life's general tide,
Awhile that glitters in the noon-day beam,
Then burſts, and mingles with the vulgar
ſtream.*

Now whilſt the ſun ſtill pours the
trembling ray,

---

* The diſſolved office of High-Conſtable of England was annexed to Wheatenhurſt and one or two other manors. The appropriate reſidence of this great officer was at Pleſhey in Eſſex.

The muſe prolongs the willing rural lay;
And can ſhe 'ſcape that beauteous village ſtill
On whoſe wide plain is plac'd her BARROW-HILL:
Its far-ſtretch'd ſhores, the river winding round
In wand'ring ſweeps peninſulates the ground;
In adverſe view the raviſh'd eye commands
The level verdure where the manſion ſtands,
That like a ſage and ancient ſire appears,
In all the venerable grace of years.
Here liv'd a race, rich, bounteous and rever'd,*

---

* Arlingham Court, the ancient inheritance of the family of Yate, is perhaps one of the oldeſt Gentlemen's Seats in England. The Family came into this Kingdom at the Norman Conqueſt; their poſſeſſions in this pariſh were increaſed by alliances with the noble Houſes of Berkeley and Clifford, by the former

Lov'd by the good, and by the vicious
fear'd;
Sequeſter'd here the Lords of this domain,
Rul'd as mild Sovereigns o'er their native
plain;
Here o'er the fields taſte with its ſoft-wing
flies,
Charm'd we behold another Eden riſe;
Where art not rudely nature's home
invades,

---

of which one of the manors was acquired: after having been for many ages honored with the principal civil and military truſts in the county, the male line of the family became extinct by the death of the accompliſhed John Yate, Eſq. an. 1758. Lady Mill, preſent proprietor of the manſion, and of the ſeveral manors, is grand daughter of Charles Yate, Eſq. of Coldthrop, by his wife Elizabeth, daughter and finally heireſs of Col. Richard Yate of Arlingham. A younger branch of this family ſettled at Bromſberrow about the middle of the laſt century, where their deſcendants ſtill remain.

But gently wooes her 'midſt her thick'ning
ſhades;
Here in deluſive life's firſt glowing morn,
Ere ſorrow in my ſide had fix'd its thorn,
How often did my eager footſteps rove
Through the wild mazes of the tangled
grove;
Warm with young life I ſwept the dewy vale,
Drank health and vigour from the freſhing
gale;
Stretch'd on the cooling ſhade at noon I lay,
And breath'd the pure mellifluous ſcents
of May;
Saw rural ſweetneſs grace its native home,
The daiſied mead, POMONA's blaze of
bloom,
All calm and huſh'd no noiſe diſturb'd
the ſcene,
None but the ſheep-bell tinkling on the
green,

None but the ſooty Onzle's varied ſong,
That pour'd the tide of melody along:
Spots of youth's fervid tread, ye ſhades belov'd!
Though from your charms reluctant I have rov'd,
Though far remote affliction's cup I've drain'd,
And ſorrow o'er my head its tempeſts rain'd,
Still recollection pauſing 'midſt its cares,
Dwells on the fond purſuits of tender years;
And 'midſt the rebel heart's tumultuous beats
Hangs with a ſoft delight on theſe retreats.
The village church can ſympathy paſs by?
No! grateful mem'ry pours its fervid ſigh.
Here HODGES* ſleeps, we mourn his early doom,

---

* The Rev. Thomas Hodges, A. M. of Magdalen

But genius weaves a garland o'er his tomb.
His was the antique love which Hiſt'ry taught,
The claſſic learning, and the nervous thought;
His was the pure and genuine taſte refin'd,
And his the firm and uncorrupted mind.
Ah! could not theſe a longer date ſuſtain?
And ſpare thoſe kindred tears that flow'd for him in vain.

College, Oxford, and Vicar of this pariſh (Arlingham) was the laſt male heir of an ancient and reſpectable family. He was a gentleman of diſtinguiſhed taſte and learning; and the virtues of his heart ſhone with a luſtre, equal to his mental qualifications. Under his directions the interior of his Church was beautified in a ſtyle not inferior to any in the county. He was loſt to his family and friends at the early age of 29.

A neat monument is erected to his memory in the Chancel.

Hence have I ſeen on yonder yellow field,
The ſturdy harveſt-man his keen hook wield;
Seen children's gambols at the cottage door
Freſh with ſtrong health, the dowry of the poor:
Here was the ſeat, beneath the elm's broad ſhade,
Where young and wild the ruſtic pipe I play'd;
And here (nor thought the trifling labour vain)
I pour'd with artleſs ſoul the boyiſh ſtrain.
Unfeeling wanderer! with footſteps rude,
Ah come not here to break this ſolitude;
Here undiſturb'd the linnet warbles wild,
The wood-lark breathes his madrigal ſo mild,
The earlieſt violets of the bluſhing ſpring,
Through the lone grove their balmy fragrance fling;

Theſe ſhades were made for him who beſt
can ſee
And taſte the bliſs of ſweet ſimplicity;
Whoſe melting heart, dead to a thirſt for
fame,
Glows with warm charity's celeſtial flame;
If ſuch thou art, thy virtues here improve,
Thine is the peaceful lawn, and thine the
flow'ry grove.

If from theſe placid ſcenes we ling'ring
ſtray,
And through the neighbouring village take
our way,
Secluded from the rude world's buſtling
throng,
The winding paths the ſlow-paced ſteps
prolong;
The whiten'd cottage ſpots the landſcape
ſcene,

Fields blaze with corn, and orchards bloom between;
As on he goes the muſing wanderer ſees
SLOWWE's mitred windows peep between the trees;
Here nature o'er her works a ſtillneſs throws,
Save in the owner's heart, where every virtue glows.

The ſimple village ſcene, who does not love?
The embattled church that riſes 'midſt the grove,
The wooden bridge with its unfaſhion'd rail,
The brook that wanders down the oſier vale;
The hollow lane where ghoſts at midnight ſtray,

Chac'd by the bells of paſſing teams by day :
The lordly manſion built in heavy ſtate
With walls of ſtone beſide the painted gate ;
The rooks hoarſe cawing from the lofty ſpray
With tones accordant to the penſive lay,
The farmer's porch with woodbines arch'd around,
The blackſmith's ſhop for noiſe and news renown'd,
The ale-houſe ſign that ſwings beneath the tree,
The bench at ev'ning fam'd for mirth and glee :
Ah what is grandeur to ſuch ſcenes as theſe,
Where paſſive virtue may repoſe in peace,
May view ambition's toils with careleſs eye,
And breath ſecure the ſoul's delicious ſigh.

The muſe with rapture hails the village ſwains

That ſhelter'd from the world poſſeſs theſe
plains,
Yet here perhaps to gall the bliſs of life
Lurks pining envy and contentious ſtrife,
Perhaps their ſoul in one dull tenor move,
Ne'er feel the thrills of pity or of love,
Whoſe equal lifeleſs, ſtagnant paſſions ſleep,
Mortals that ſeldom ſmile, and never weep.
Yet hence perhaps ſome gen'rous youth
whoſe ſoul
Indignant ſpurn'd the trammels of controul,
Forſook his native fields, and o'er the flood
Ruſh'd ardent to the hoſtile fields of blood:
Ere now on foreign land he lies in death,
No kindred ſoul to catch his parting breath;
Sooth ſympathy with ſoft and dove-like eye
O'er the ſad carnage heaves the frequent
ſigh,
Sighs o'er the father's grief, the mother's
fears,

The ſiſter's frenzied love, the orphan's tears.
Let the brave ſoldier mount the whirling car
Deſtruction ſcatt'ring from his wheels of war,
If through the world his daring actions ſhine
From Ganges rolling torrent to the Rhine,
Though ſwift his progreſs as the light'ning's flame,
He ſinks in virtue, if he riſe in fame;
For meek humanity ſtill interweaves
The ſhadowing yew amidſt his laurel leaves.

Around our little hill in brilliant rows
Yielding a beverage rich, the orchard grows,
The verdant landſcape ſmiles, the enraptur'd ſight
Roves round the ſcene again with new delight.
But while the praiſes of this charming hill

The loit'ring verſe with love unſated fill,
Say can that gentle being be forgot,
The owner * fair of this alluring ſpot;
By pity mov'd who clothes the friendleſs form
Shiv'ring 'neath piercing want's inclement ſtorm,
With gentleſt care who ſmoothes the thorny bed,
Where pale diſeaſe reclines its languid head,
In ev'ry ſtate where ſad diſtreſs appears,
Wipes from its furrow'd cheek the bitter tears,
And pleas'd in charity's mild paths to tread,
Wreaths its warm mantle round the aching head.
As o'er the child of ſorrow ſhe inclines,
Religion's glory round her forehead ſhines,

---

* Lady Mill.

On her ſoft mind its heav'nly precepts preſs,
And give the melting heart new energy to
bleſs.

But now near yonder golden cloud I view
The ſetting ſun illume th' horizon blue,
Its arrowy beams dance on the ſparkling
flood,
And gild the waving branches of the wood :
The dying breeze faint at the cloſe of day
Sighs a laſt farewell to the parting ray ;
The bird of eve beneath the hawthorn ſhade
Begins the ſoft the ſoothing ſerenade :
I pauſe awhile to hear the melting ſong
Pour'd through the liquid air ſo ſweet along;
And as the mournful melody goes by
The heart to ev'ry note returns a ſigh :
But lo ! from yon dark hill the lamp of night
Glances athwart the wave with ſilv'ry light,
And ſcatter'd from the wet-wing of the gale

The drizzly ſhow'r hovers o'er the vale,
The ſteaming dews all gather round the ſpot,
I ſeek the friendly ſhelter of my Cot.

ADDRESS

TO

STROUD-WATER.

Written in a GROVE near WHEATENHURST CHURCH,

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

LOV'D ſtream whoſe noiſeleſs current ſoftly flows,
Once more I view thee ſcene of dear delight,
Thy well known banks my truant ſtep ſtill knows;
Their wild flow'rs ſtill are grateful to my ſight
Tho' many a year has paſs'd ſince that fond time
When near thy wave my live-long day was ſpent,

I boded not (ah then in youth's fair prime)
The ſorrows which my woeful heart has rent;
When fate malignant its fell poiſon breath'd
And wither'd every flow'r fantaſtic Hope had wreath'd.

Here have I bent my ſteps at peep of morn
And pac'd along with unreluctant feet,
While yet the dew drops hung upon the thorn
(The owl juſt ſhrouded in its lone retreat)
Here have I paus'd at ſummer's noon reclin'd
Under the willow tree that ſhades thy ſhore,
Whilſt ruſtling in the breezes of the wind
I've faintly heard the diſtant SEVERN roar.
Sublime its moanings floated on the gale,
And breath'd a dying ſound along the verdant vale.

Along thy margin green how oft I've
ſtray'd
At morn's freſh dawn or at the penſive
hour
When ſolemn ev'ning ſpreads its length-
'ning ſhade
Heard on thy verdant banks the ſheep-boy
pour
The ſong of Idleneſs.—I've paus'd and
view'd
The patient angler near the rumbling mill
That breaks with murmurs hoarſe the
calmneſs ſtill,
Which elſe would dwell amidſt this Solitude:
Here have I ſtood and fram'd my infant lays
Thoſe air-blown bubbles bright that pleas'd
my boyiſh days.

And thou ſweet water-fall,—what time the
ſtar

Of night comes marching up the duſky weſt,
Blanch'd by dark groves bright gliſt'ning
from afar,
I ſaw thee in a robe of glory dreſt ;
Fine as the waving light of ſummer noon,
Soft as the breeze that ſweeps the ev'ning
deep,
Thy diſtant warblings cáus'd my ear to ſwoon
Oppreſs'd with ſweetneſs in luxurious ſleep.
Ah who is he who knows not to admire
Thy blaze of ſilv'ry gleam, and twinkling
dance of fire.

Oh I have gaz'd enraptur'd with the ſcene,
'Till dreams celeſtial burſt upon my ſoul,
Sounds of delights from airy harps unſeen,
Shades of the bleſt whoſe glitt'ring ſkirts
unroll*

---

* Gray.

Elyſian groves whence cooling odours blow,
Immingled roſes in deep-burning bluſh,
Eſſential light in ruſhing gales that throw
O'er ſofteſt ſhades of green a luſtrous fluſh ?
The light-foot hours and nymphs of purpled wing
Sporting with ſmiling loves and zephyrs of the ſpring.

The neighbouring grove to contemplation dear
(And can I ſtill thoſe joys tumultuous trace)
In whoſe cloſe ſhade I pour'd love's ardent pray'r,
Gazing with maniac bliſs on HEBE's face
With whom I oft have have wiſh'd in humble life
To paſs youth's prime in ſweetly loit'ring here,
Heedleſs of av'rice or ambition's ſtrife,

My little bark o'er time's calm wave to
ſteer :
But cruſh'd by fortune's pow'r the ſorrowing
ſtrains
Sigh'd forth a ſad adieu to theſe beloved
plains.

I view that tott'ring manſion once again
Where giant ruin ſtalks with ruthleſs ſtride,
Where are the vaniſh'd beauties of the
plain
The roſe and violet in their bluſhing pride ?
No more is heard among theſe ſcenes that
voice
Of wiſdom pure that gladden'd the ſweet
dells ;
At poeſy's ſoft notes no more the woods
rejoice,
But in their ſhades a gloomy ſilence dwells ;
Broke only by theſe notes unlike that fire

That breath'd thou long-loſt Genius* from
thy claſſic lyre.

The Church o'erlooks the wide extended
mead
With tow'r embattled.—Once I lov'd to
trace
Its ruſtic ornaments, or ſlowly tread,
The winding path near which in death's
embrace,
Sleeps vice and virtue mingled in the
grave.
Ah! let me now reviſit theſe ſtill ſtones
Unmoulder'd yet, that winters' blaſting
brave

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* R. O. Cambridge, Eſq. Author of the Scribleriad (the only pure mock heroic in our language) the Indian War, ſeveral papers in the World, and ſome Pieces in Dodsley's Miſcellanies.

Shielding from touch profane the ſacred
bones
Of village maids and ſwains who ſilent
ſleep,
Yet,—ſtay thy ſtep too raſh, why ſhould'ſt
thou wiſh to weep?

How frail is human hope! ah here repos'd
In ſilent reſt and mourn'd with many a tear;
In the cold grave (his earthly proſpects)
clos'd)
A youth to friendſhip and to virtue dear.
Still in fond mem'ry's breaſt his image
dwells,
Affection burſts the confines of the grave;
The mind's eye views him pauſing in
theſe dells,
Or loit'ring near the Froom's enamell'd
wave,

The haunts he lov'd,—but now with moaning
wail,
The ſad ſtream ſlowly winds along the level
vale.

There was a time when my diſtracted brow
With willows wan and fading flow'rs was
hung;
I was not tutor'd to the world as now,
But wayward, heedleſs, fanciful, and young,
Abroad I wander'd, weeping and alone;
And hither bending my inſtinctive way,
I ſat me down and pour'd with artleſs moan
A rude, uncouth, but ſimple, feeling lay.
Oh! could'ſt thou then my look of woe have
ſeen,
It would have pierc'd thy heart with agony
moſt keen.

I was a blaſted aſh with moſs grown hoar,

Whoſe ſinking arms with deep diſtreſs are clad;
My eyes grew dim, and on my cheek I wore
A haggard ſmile quite woe-begone and ſad:
My ſicken'd ſoul with languid faintneſs pin'd,
I ſigh'd to die, and in my muſing gloom,
With ſcornful ſmile before my ſhuddering mind,
Stood gazing Death, and pointed to the tomb!
My knell was rung,—I dwelt among the dead,
And on the faithful ſtone my ſad memorial read.

And oft it was ſtrange fancies fir'd my brain,
Important childiſhneſs and greatneſs wild,
I play'd with woe and made my bliſs of pain,

At once was pleas'd and angry, wept and
ſmil'd;
I watch'd the feather floating down the
ſtream,
And laugh'd to ſee it dance upon the wave,
Then ſtarted, and in blank extatic dream,
Look'd at the moon contemplatively grave.
Cloſe to my haunt the paſſing trav'ller came—
With trembling haſte I fled, and veil'd my
bluſhing ſhame.

How ſadly pleaſing once theſe meadows
were;
The ſwelling ſighs of faithful mem'ry prove;
'Twas here I felt the bliſs of pity's tear,
And heav'd the fervent throb of faithful
love—
That throb that breath'd as ſoft and fond a
ſigh
As ever ſtole from out the breaſt of truth!

Delicious proof of heav'nly ſympathy,
The pure effuſion of unblemiſh'd youth.
Though ſorrow's pangs may now call forth the tear,
I think how bleſt I was when I could linger here.

Farewell, dear ſtream! no more thy banks I tread,
No more muſt wander through thy neighbouring vale;
That time is paſt when I have huſh'd my reed
To liſten to the plaintive Nightingale.
Ah me! whene'er I think on that paſt hour
Which never can return, the fond tears flow
Of deep regret, and to the winds I pour
The ſorrowing ſighs of unavailing woe.
Deſtin'd, alas! far from this ſpot to roam,
The wearied heart ſtill pants to find its native home.

VERSES

TO

R. L. GWATKIN, Esq.

AN OLD SCHOOL-FELLOW.

WRAPT in Reflection's pauſe, the penſive mind
With mem'ry fervid eye the paſt ſcene views,
Thee, Gwatkin! there my heart delights to find,
And melting at the name, the pleaſing thought purſues.

I dwell upon the joys of tender age,
Ah! joys too often mix'd with heart-felt pain;

When ſlow we toil'd through Maro's poliſh'd
page,
Or lighter ran o'er Ovid's playful ſtrain.

The happy moment come, from durance free,
How lightly did we bruſh the verdant mead,
Or in the well-worn path that croſs'd the lea,
Chace with quick ſteps the rolling circle's
ſpeed.*

Thoſe plays of frolic youth too quickly o'er—
(How bleſt if life could linger in this ſcene)
With ardent genius, fraught with claſſic lore,
You left with tearful eye our little green.

Far off from thee my lot does fortune place;
Yet ſtill my boſom heaves with many a ſigh,

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* Gray's Ode on a proſpect of Eton.

And the ſoul tires with Hope's deluſive chace,
I wiſh thy ſympathizing ſpirit nigh.

Yet have I heard (how grateful was the ſound)
That in th' illumin'd page thy genius breathes,
That warm with zeal you've trod the claſſic ground,
That Poeſy for thee her laurel wreathes.

I've heard with raptur'd ear, that beauty's bloom,
With grateful love thy riſing years has bleſt:
Than wit, or wealth, or fame, a happier doom,
If love be thine, let folly take the reſt.

I've heard, that fix'd to thy paternal fields,
That bleſſing to be bleſt thy only aim—
Ah! poor to this the joys ambition yields,
And mean the wretched impotence of fame.

Friend of my youth, farewell! though fat
unkind,
Thy preſence to my ſight may ſtill deny,
Thy boyiſh form, familiar to my mind,
Still fills the gaze of Mem'ry's faithful eye.

And whilſt (remote from thee) my wild lays flow
Whilſt languid Sorrow's mournful plaints ar
mine,
Whilſt my ſoul ſhrinks beneath its weight c
woe,
May every bliſs untainted ſtill be thine.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A

LINGERING ILLNESS.

NOW peep the ſtars, and o'er the dewy meads
His monſter limbs the giant ſhadow ſpreads;
The fabled dance the little fairy leads,
And with light foot the velvet circle treads.

'Tis ſolemn darkneſs, and the Lord of Day,
Like a tir'd Hero, woos the ſea's embrace;
While virgin fears remov'd, in mantle grey,
The chaſte nun, Ev'ning, walks in ſober pace.

One ſhort hour ſince all nature wore a ſmile,
And ſportive flocks gay frolic'd on her breaſt ;
But now inactive ſcenes the hours beguile,
For all is ſtillneſs, ſolitude, and reſt.

The ſons of labor preſs the couch of eaſe,
Ev'n care is huſh'd, and pain forgets to ſmart ;
On mis'ry's face now dwells the look of peace,
Tho' grief may ſtill corrode the ſleepleſs heart.

Soft be their dreams, and whilſt each eye is clos'd,
Let buſy action claim from care a ſpace ;
For ſome few hours be every pang repos'd,
Let anguiſh melt away in ſleep's embrace.

Ah ! ſweet to all but me its poppy blooms—
Me fated now to preſs a thorny bed—
Me whom the fate of dire diſorder dooms
To view in vain night's ſoothing mantle ſpread.

Yet though depriv'd of day's enamell'd glare,
Of all its ſcenery to charm the eye.
And tho' deny'd the robe of ſleep to wear,
Still let reflection's moral aid be nigh.

But whilſt pale ſickneſs (of clear thought the night)
Spreads her dim curtain o'er the aching brain,
Can'ſt thou, my ſoul, ev'n in diſeaſe's ſpite
Attempt to moralize 'midſt grief and pain?

Yet ſure th' immortal ſpark may ſeek the ſky
Thro' the meek paths by ſweet Religion trod;
The ſenſe of earthly ſorrow caſting by,
May ſeek, may worſhip, may adore its God.

Oh! let my ardent ſpirit grateful prove,
That thro' theſe dreadful pangs 'twixt life and death,
I ſtill do breathe to bleſs that pitying love

Whoſe goodneſs lent awhile the quivering
breath.

Yet how does ſickneſs with Camelion pow'r,
From gloomy Nature catch a tainted hue ;
Each object faſhion'd to the ſorrowing hour,
Seems iſſued from creation's hand anew.

For all was gay whilſt youth and health we
mine,
Nor grief nor care could interpoſe betwee
By nature warm'd, the heart without deſign
Caught joy's warm thrill from every paſſ
ſcene.

Dear, ſweet remembrances of happy life !
Ev'n now by mem'ry's aid my ſoul is mo
And ſpurning all the pangs of preſent ſtrife,
Dwells on the pleaſures once ſo fondly lo

But oh, you're gone! and what is human joy,
Stript of the tints by flatt'ring fancy ſpread;
The boſom loſes every ſweet employ,
When eager hope and roſy health are fled.

For early youth reſiſts the ſhafts of woe,
And ſprings to pleaſure with elaſtic force:
Ah, then the rapid tides of life o'erflow,
Whilſt age perceives them ſtagnate in their courſe.

Then farewell earthly bliſs, the glowing mind
With ardent zeal a better path ſhall try;
And leaving meaner cares far—far behind,
Pant for more happy ſcenes beyond the ſky.

ELEGY

TO

MY CAT.

AND art thou gone, aſſociate of my youth?
Snatch'd from a faithful friend that lov'd thee well?
Nought could avail thy goodneſs nor thy truth,
Thou pattern for good cats, alas! farewell!

Yet though thy limbs by death's cold hand are laid,
Ah! numb'd and ſtiff in yonder little grave,
Thy dear remains the willow-boughs ſhall ſhade,
And bending o'er them ſadly ſhall they wave.

Think not becauſe the gloomy tyrant's dart
Has pierc'd thee through and ſtopp'd thy
panting breath,
Eſteem for thee can leave my grateful heart,
Or love be buried in the grave of death.

No, thou poor puſs! whilſt mem'ry claims a tear,
That faithful chryſtal drop for thee ſhall flow
Inceſſant flow—and wet thy little bier,
While keen reflection wakes the throb of woe.

For ſure thy gentle heart thy maſter lov'd
With love as pure as ever cat could feel;
Thy graceful pur how often have I prov'd
Return ſo grateful for the daily meal.

But now no more thy frolic tricks delight
Before the ſparkling faggot on the hearth;
No more thy gambols chear the winter's night—
Ah no! thou lieſt beneath yon ſod of earth.

No more with goodneſs ſweet my STELLA's hand
Shall ſtroke thy down or pat thy little head ;
No more, as oft it wont at her command,
Is for thy morning meal the table ſpread.

Thy plaintive mew no more the heart ſhall melt,
Struck mute by death the muſick of thy tongue ;
Ah me ! what thrills my raptur'd boſom felt,
When thro' the air thy midnight love-note rung.

I heard, alas ! thy piercing, dying moan,
Saw the dim'd luſtre of thy once bright eye ;
I ſaw thee heave, alas ! the laſt, laſt groan—
Oh ! echoed by my boſom's heart-felt ſigh.

Who now the dainties of my board ſhall guard,
Who now the nimble-footed mouſe ſhall ſeize ?

No more thou lap'ſt the milk, the ſweet reward
For many a well-ſav'd pye and good old cheeſe.

The wily ſparrow too thy wonted prey,
Fearleſs may now his daring path purſue;
Fearleſs may chirp upon the leafy ſpray,
And meet no rude aſſault, my puſs, from you.

Ah! do not triumph in her early fate,
Nor pour the ſong of gladneſs o'er her grave;
Know, thoughtleſs birds, that ſurely ſoon or late,
No flight of yours ſhall from my fury ſave.

The well-aim'd tube ſhall ſtop your fluttering breath—
Oblations grateful to my cat ye go:
The ſweet revenge ſhall ſoothe her ſhade in death—
The ſweet revenge ſhall mitigate my woe.

Then puſs farewell! and through the world ſo wide,
May every worthy cat be lov'd like thee;
And may my worthieſt friend if often try'd
Be found, ah feeling rare! to love like thee.

ELEGY

Written in December, 1791.

THE chill ſtorm blows, and never to return,
In ſighing gales ſwift flies the parting year;
Hanging her yellow wreath on Autumn's urn,
Now drear December drops her ſullen tear.

No bird of twilight as in ſummer's bloom,
With her ſoft ſong now cheers the lone wood's ſhade;
(How oft ſweet Robin at eve's growing gloom
I've liſten'd to thy ſoothing ſerenade).

No leafy chefnut's dark majeftic bough
Shades the green furface of the daified law
Or o'er the happy valley hanging low,
From day's meridian fcreens the panti
fawn.

No fmiling harveft waves its golden ears
Bending beneath foft Zephyr's gentle gale
No blooming April fheds her fhort-lived tea
Sure earneft of a charming May-blown va

Dire contraft—now quick down the rocky ftee
From crag to crag the melted fnow-ftor
pours;
And rufhing onwards with deftructive fweep,
Rolls in wild torrents to the river's fhores.

Scatt'ring the fnow that hung upon the thorn
In hollow whiftlings raves the bleak nort
eaft;

And riding on the wet-wing of the morn,
To its lone ſhelter drives the ſhiv'ring beaſt.

Again it roars—all nature hears the craſh—
The Peaſant trembles in his propt abode,
Leſt through the crazy roof the white heaps daſh,
May ſink his cot beneath the whelming load.

In this cold diſmal ſcene of wintry woe,
Where ſhall the ſoul of feeling fondly ſtray ?
Where do the genial ſtreams of pleaſure flow,
To tempt a pilgrim thro' the chearleſs way ?

Yes bliſs is mine—my lovely Laura's charms
Lures my fond footſteps to her cottage door ;
The ſweet idea all my boſom warms,
I think on her and winter chills no more.

Ah, deareſt maid ! thy goodneſs and thy truth
Decks thy gay garden with the bloom of May ;

The ardent ſoul of thy adoring youth
Recalls the twitt'ring bird on every ſpray.

O may thy heart allow my image room—
Throw frozen winter from that ſweet receſs
May flow'rs of Love in that dear boſom bloom
And everlaſting ſpring thy faithful ſwain will
bleſs.

THE

CUCKOO.

SWEET harbinger of Spring, thou bird of joy,
Hope ſtrews at thy approach her glitt'ring flow'rs,
Gay pleaſure ſwells the breaſt without alloy,
And peace and plenty hail the frolic hours.

Now roſy health her vig'rous pinion ſpreads,
Borne on the murmurs of the weſtern gale;
Or with light foot th' unbending verdure treads,
And waves her ſceptre o'er th' embloſſom'd vale.

What tho' thy note be rude—to my fond ear
Still ſweet and welcome is the ſoothing ſtrain.
Quaint bird I love thee well—no rival fear,
All other ſongſters ſwell the note in vain.

The Lark, ſwift mounting from her bed of green,
Can ne'er like thee my glowing boſom warm;
And at thy coming I the time have ſeen
When Philomela's plaint had loſt its charm.

For now the ſoul can burſt the mental chain
Which icy winter 'croſs her pleaſures threw:
Now ardent fancy's flow'rs may bloom again,
All nature burſts upon the ſoul anew.

Eager and warm my fair one's form I trace,
Love ſhoots his piercing dart thro' every vein;
I dwell with rapture on my Hebe's face,
I preſs her to my beating heart again.

Sweet magic joys, ah whither will ye fly,
With ſhort-liv'd tranſports thus to mock my ſoul?
When youth and hope are fled, ah! tell me why
Does glowing paſſion rage without controul?

Yet thou aſſociate dear of May's ſoft ſcene,
Ah! do not ceaſe thy ſweet unvaried ſong:
Nature to thee profuſely pours her green,
And liſt'ning Phœbus does his day prolong.

And ſtill whilſt ſummer blooms thy note purſue,
Still pour thy cadence from the leafy ſpray;
Let op'ning flow'rs ſalute thy happy view,
But quit their bloſſoms as they fade away.

AUTUMN.

THE drear blaſt whiſtles through the duſky ſky,
And ſweeps the blue waves of the foaming main;
Nature's gay ſkirts in looſe diſorder fly,
And pleaſure pauſes ere it leaves the plain.

October ruſhing from his bleak ſojourn,
O'er the wide waſte the yellow foliage pours;
Opes wide the waters of his drizzly urn,
Drenching with frequent rains the ſhrivel'd flowers.

No more, as oft it wont, the dying gale
Sleeps on the boſom of the ſilv'ry vale :
No ſpicy odours ſcent the flow'ry wave,
No fabled Naids in the fountains lave.

No more the merry ſwains their wake-times keep
By the ſoft murmurs of the rippling ſtream ;
Stript of its charms, all nature's wrapt in ſleep,
Poetic fancy ſeems itſelf to dream.

Spring, like a gay coquette, unfolds her charms,
That ſwell luxuriant to the gazer's view ;
Her op'ning bloom the panting boſom warms,
Whoſe every tint enchants, and all is new.

But chilling autumn's like the chaſten'd prude,
That ſhuns the love-looks of the young and gay ;
Retreating ſtill diſdaining to be ſued,
Her charms decreaſe with each returning day.

Let avarice pale its ſcatter'd riches view,
Like nature's wrecks upon this dreary ſpot;
Let humble pride no ſwelling hopes renew—
Ambition learn contentment with its lot.

The Hero too (if other leſſons fail)
That ſinks his country in the gulf of woe,
Whilſt his ear riots at the bloody tale,
An earneſt of his future fate may know.

For as the trees that late adorn'd the land,
Of their green honors naked ſhorn and bare,
So time will come when awful virtue's hand
The tarniſh'd laurel from his brow ſhall tear.

Yes! all that valour, all that wit can give,
Muſt fade like autumn's leaves before the blaſt;
The buds of playful hope can never live
In life's cold winter—oh! they wither faſt.

Ah, then ! while youth and blooming health
are ours,
O'er our frail hearts may wiſdom dart a ray
And piety to cheer our cloſing hours,
The mirror fair of future bliſs diſplay.

THE

EVENING PRIMROSE.

HAIL gentle flow'r whoſe ſoft and modeſt ray
Throws her white luſtre o'er the twilight gloom;
That meekly op'ning with the cloſing day,
Waves a rich garland round its early tomb.

The bird of eve approves her darling flow'r,
And pours her ſtrains the waving bough beneath:
How ſweet at that ſtill, ſolitary hour,
To hear thro' diſtant groves the glowing ſonnets breathe).

Oh ! may my heart, of faſhion's fetters tir'd,
(Life's gaudy, fluttering ſcenes, left far behind
In the cool ſhade of ſolitude retir'd,
Indulge the genial current of the mind.

And like the ev'ning flowret's lucid bloom
That ſhuns the notice of the dazzling day,
So may I wiſely ſpend the hours to come,
Far from the circles of the rich and gay.

Heedleſs of blame the ſoul can then o'erflow,
Each debt of meek humanity be paid ;
Safe from rude blaſts my merits then can blow
For virtue bloſſoms beſt in lone retirement
ſhade.

THE

TULIP.

GAY pomp of Spring, whoſe bold aſpiring
head
With ſplendor riſes to the ſunny day,
Full of thoſe blooms that nature e'er can ſhed,
Thou gaudieſt flow'r that hails the lovely
May.

Without reſerve thy vivid tints unfold,
Rob'd in rich luſtre, quick thy bloſſoms glow
With tyrian purple, and with flaming gold,
The ſtripe ſo various, and the ground of ſnow.

Ah! why did nature ſuch profuſion yield,
Why ſoon in duſt is thy bright foliage laid
Why to this tranſient empreſs of the field,
Are peerleſs beauties giv'n ſo ſoon to fade!

Yes too ſoon gone—thoſe fragile leaves that no
With ſuch unrivall'd glitt'ring colors ſhine
In one ſhort week, alas! ſhall ceaſe to glow-
What gay, but ſhort-liv'd vanity, is thine.

So Kings that boaſt of ſplendor and of pow'r,
Whoſe ſceptres o'er the proſtrate nations wav
Oft like the with'ring glories of a flow'r,
Sink, the ſad victims of an early grave.

NOVEMBER.

THE year declining haſtens to the cloſe,
Chill nature ſhivers to the dreary blaſt;
On the bare ſpray the once gay ſongſters doze,
And mirth's ſweet ſong and roundelay is paſt.

The rippling ſtream that erſt ſo gently flow'd
In ſmooth ſoft murmurs round the flow'r-fring'd vale,
With thick'ned waters now, and roarings loud,
Remurmurs hoarſe to autumn's hollow gale.

Drear, dark, and diſmal is the rude rough ſcene,
The ſpent year pauſes ere it ſinks to reſt ;
The mind reflective turns its eye within,
And finds content the ſunſhine of the breaſt.

Yes ! though dark tempeſts rattle thro' the ſky,
And vivid lightnings flaſh from pole to pole,
The ſtainleſs conſcience does the ſtrife defy,
And beams a ſummer's warmth upon the ſoul.

Religion meekly mild unfolds her charms,
And pours upon the heart her cloudleſs ray,
To the pierc'd mourner opes her peaceful arms,
And clothes NOVEMBER with the bloom of MAY.

THE

DREAM.

WHEN the tir'd eye is clos'd by balmy ſleep,
And nature ſinks within her cloſe embrace,
When opiate draughts o'er all the ſenſes creep,
The reſtleſs ſoul purſues her wand'ring chace.

Then fancy on her light-wing hovering round,
Spreads her gay tints fantaſtically vain—
What vivid verdure decks the fairy ground,
What wild ideas float upon the brain.

But oh! how ſoon the airy bubble flies,
How ſoon its variegated colors fade;
Like the red ſtar that ſhoots acroſs the ſkies,
Low in the gloom its ſhort-liv'd glory's laid.

In life's gay ſpring thus hope's enchanting ray,
Whilſt youth's warm thrill the beating boſom move,
Paints to the ſoul an ever blooming May,
Of friendſhip true, of warm and conſtant love.

Ah! wiſhes vain of life, how ſoon you fly,—
The hurt ſoul ſhrinks at her illuſive dream:
To atoms cruſh'd, the baſeleſs pleaſures lie,
Gone like the viſions of the morning beam.

TO THE

LILLY OF THE VALLEY.

DEAR flow'r that near the friendly hawthorn blows,
With bending cup all deck'd in virgin white;
Beneath thy ſhelt'ring leaf thy beauty glows,
But ſweetly modeſt ſhuns the glare of light.

Juſt emblem thou of lovely Stella's mind,
Whoſe every ſmile the graces mild adorn;
Shelter'd by modeſty from life's rude wind,
She charms as bloſſoms 'neath the hanging thorn.

The loud rough blaſt that whiſtles through the
ſky,
May tear the flow'r that ſeeks the ſun's em-
brace;
But ſafe beneath the green leaf doſt thou lie,
And in the ſhrouding foliage hideſt thy face.

So man that braves the ſtormy gales of life,
And bares his breaſt to fortune's piercing blow,
Too often launches forth on ſeas of ſtrife—
Too often ſinks, whelm'd by the waves of woe.

The wife, regardleſs of an empty name,
For better peace reſigns the ſhadowy bliſs of
fame.

VERSES

ON AN

AIR-BALLOON.

STRANGER! whoe'er thou art, whoſe gazing eye
Is fix'd with wonder on this novel ſcene:
Ignoble on the ground behold me lie,
And kiſs, indignant kiſs the level green.

From Cloe's hand launch'd forth in fields of air,
Swift as the bolt of Heav'n I took my flight:
Child of the wind, I flutter'd here and there,
Till clouds obſcur'd me from the gazer's ſight.

Long while held on my daring, rapid courſe,
I travers'd worlds where eagles never flew :
With ſtrengthen'd wing and undiminiſh'd force
Far from the keeneſt ken of mortal view.

But fate, alas ! to check my tow'ring pride,
At length has laid me at thy feet thus low ;
Let not thy pity be to me deny'd ;
But at my fate one tender ſigh beſtow.

Art thou to mad ambition now a ſlave ?
Doſt thou ſtill hope in higher walks to ſhine
Tutor'd by me thy dear contentment ſave,
Or prophecy thy future fate by mine.

If yet a youth, the moral leſſon hear,
For O, believe ! thou canſt not know too ſoon
A truth (which added years will make more clear
That vain Ambition is an *Air-Balloon.*

SONNETS.

SONNET

TO

POETRY.

SWEET Nymph! I woo thee from thy lone
retreat,
Whether on mountains wild thou lov'ſt to
dwell,
Or in ſome ſhady valley chooſe thy ſeat,
Sweet Nymph! I woo the from thy moſſy cell.

Can'ſt thou to aching hearts like mine give
peace?
To ſmiles transform the haggard looks of woe?
Can'ſt thou bid ſorrow's burſting ſigh to ceaſe?
The wan cheek's furrowing tear forget to flow?

No, ſweet companion thou of human grief,
Daughter of feeling, here thy pow'r is vain
At leaſt but ſmall,—then give that ſmall relief
And ſheathe awhile the piercing ſtings of pa

Now o'er my heart thy gentle influence pou
To ſoothe (what time thou wilt) my heavy ho

SONNET

WRITTEN IN

TINTERN ABBEY,

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

ADMIRING ſtranger, that with ling'ring feet,
Enchain'd by wonder, pauſes on this green;
Where thy enraptur'd ſight the dark woods meet,
Ah! reſt awhile, and contemplate the ſcene.

Theſe hoary pillars clasp'd by ivy round,
This hallow'd floor by holy footſteps trod,
The mould'ring choir by ſpreading moſs embrown'd,
Where faſting ſaints devoutly hymn'd their God.

Unpitying Time, with ſlow but certain ſweep,
Has laid, alas! their ancient ſplendor low:
Yet here let Pilgrims, while they muſe and weep,
Think on the leſſon that from hence may flow.
Like their's, how ſoon may be the tott'ring ſtate
Of man,—the temple of a ſhorter date.

SONNET

TO

SABRINA.

ROLL, rapid ſtream, and laſh thy crumbling ſhore,
Toſs thy white foam in ſurges o'er the plain;
Let thy reſiſtleſs flood in roarings pour
Its world of waters from the Atlantic main.

Roll on ye waves, fit emblems of that mind,
Where youthful paſſion lords it on her throne;
As thy fierce ſurge is by no bounds confin'd,
So paſſions break the bars of reaſon down.

But when ſage nature checks thy dreadful force,
And ſtays the fury of thy boiling *Boar*,
Thy ebbing waters gently bend their course,
In ſoft ſmooth currents down the winding ſhore.

So early paſſions paſt by age ſurvey'd,
We look with wonder at the wrecks they made.

SONNET

TO A

LOFTY BUT BARREN

PRECIPICE.

TREMENDOUS cliff, that lift'ſt thy dark front high,
Daring the rudeſt ruſhing of the gale;
Whoſe ſtudded turban is the ſtarry ſky,
Thou frown'ſt terrific o'er the verdant vale.

From thy rough ſide perpetual torrents flow,
No lowing herds amidſt thy rocks can feed;
Bleak as they are, and wild, and cloth'd in ſnow,
The eagle ſcreameth there, and vultures breed.

Diſmal and great thou art. Yet life is so:
The rich and proud that tow'r above the reſt,
Live but the blaſting ſtorms of fate to know,
While pride unſatisfied corrodes the breaſt.

The wise man quits the high but ſterile ground:
Bliſs in life's lowly vale alone is found.

SONNET

TO A

STORMY NIGHT.

SPREAD thy dark ſhadowy veil, O duſky night,
O'er nature's charms, while through ſome lonely way
I bend my penſive ſteps; from human ſight
Deep hidden, and the garniſh glare of day.

From yon brown mould'ring tow'r the owlet ſcreams,
In union ſad with my deſpairing ſoul;
While glimm'ring to the moon Sabrina's ſtreams
With lulling moan along the quickſands roll.

The black clouds low'r—O come thou ſtorm ſo
wild,
Daſh thy rude rain on my unſhelter'd head;
Thy ſavage muſic ſuits deep ſorrow's child,
Whoſe hope of earthly bliſs is ever fled.

Still let the ſtormy winds ſweep through the ſky,
Here nature ſhares with me the tear and ſigh.

SONNET

WRITTEN IN A

RURAL SPOT

OFTEN VISITED WITH

AN ABSENT FRIEND.

YES,—in this winding way that ſkirts the grove
We oft have paus'd and loiter'd near the rill;
At day's mild cloſe how did we love to rove,
Along the daiſied vale, or o'er the breezy hill.

The winter's froſt that blooming bow'r has ſpar'd,
Where nature through the air her fragrance flung;
There have I ſat and thy ſweet converſe heard,
Whilſt on thy maxims wiſe, my raptur'd ear has hung.

Theſe beams of bliſs by clouds were ſoon o'erca
Yet near this ſpot oft let me penſive ſtray ;
Muſe on the fond remembrance of the paſt,
And breathe to floating gales the ſolitary la

May ſmiling fortune's richeſt ſtores be thine,
Though ſorrow's bitter tear, and miſery's pan
be mine.

SONNET

TO

WINTER.

HAIL dreary gloom, how ſoothing to the ſoul,
Care-ſtruck, and ſhrinking from its weight of woes,
On that cold cliff whence daſhing waters roll,
I'll lean my aching head unuſed to ſoft repoſe.

Sad is fair nature's face, all wrapt in ſhade,
Leafleſs the tree, and dumb the linnet's ſong;
No chearful ſounds the liſt'ning ear invade,
The bleak winds diſmal moan and howl along.

Charm'd with this ſcene, with pleaſure I can ſe
The brown heath, bare wood, and the ruſh
moor:
'Tis nature kind in ſympathy with me,
Who now her lulling ſighs in pity pours.

Time drop thy wing, no more let ſpring returr
More grateful to my ſoul let nature ever mourr

SONNET

TO

SILENCE,

WRITTEN ON A SUMMER EVENING.

SWEET ſoother of the melancholy breaſt,
Companion dear to thoſe that love to weep;
Come thou and huſh the paſſions into reſt,
Lull the wild whirlwinds of the ſoul to ſleep.

Yes thou art here—each ruſtling leaf is ſtill,
The bird of eve pours not the ſong of woe;
I hear no murmurs of the purling rill,
The ſighing winds are ſpent and ceaſe to blow.

Fancy paints ſorrow leaning o'er her urn,
The long veil ſhadowing o'er her viſage pale:
Let me, her genuine child, my mis'ries mourn,
With tears unceaſing in this lonely vale.

Faſhion's gay ſons thy preſence may not bear,
More grateful thou to grief than faſhion's
"*gariſh glare.*"

SONNET

TO

MEMORY.

FULL well I trace the ſcenes of younger years,
How often on the green-ſward have I rov'd,
(Ere the red ray had drank the morning's tears)
And mus'd along the path my fancy lov'd.

The notes of joy (I faintly hear them now)
Once did my heart's afflictions keen beguile,
And once they ſlightly heal'd the wounds of woe,
And ſpread o'er tear-worn cheeks a tranſient ſmile.

Of early joy theſe marks how faint and rare !
How deep engrav'd the harrowing ſtrokes of grief !
To the hurt boſom canker'd o'er with care,
Pleaſures once flown can give but ſlight relief.

Hard fate alas! of wretched human kind,
That mis'ry's piercing pangs ſhould ever wound the mind.

SONNET

TO

LOVE.

AH dear aſſociate of Youth's tender days,
When round my heart my LAURA's charms entwin'd:
When ardent ſighs quick blew the kindling rays,
That flaſh'd the flames of phrenzy on the mind.

Art thou of human kind the dreadful curſe?
For ſure thy poiſons cauterize the ſoul;
Or of contentment ſweet the ſoothing nurſe,
When o'er the ſwelling heart thy mighty raptures roll.

O thou art both, for midſt the pangs of pain,
Warm hope and joy in quick ſucceſſion flow,
And floods of bliſs too mighty to ſuſtain,
A moment check the bitter waves of woe.
Still varying Goddeſs, ſtill we bow to thee,
Thou daughter bland of Senſibility.

SONNET

TO

PATIENCE.

SWEET child of reaſon pure, whoſe gentle pow'r
Can cheer ev'n poverty's deſponding brow,
Can ſoothe with accent mild that luckleſs hour
When nature bids the bitter tear to flow.

For thou canſt ſmile when life's rude ſtorms deſcend,
Tho' thy meek boſom ev'ry inſult prove,
Can bear (thy hardeſt taſk) th' ungrateful friend,
Bear with unbeating heart, the cold returns of love.

Thou turn'ſt to down the thorny bed of care,
Thou art the pris'ner's friend in dungeons
dank,
Fill'd with thy quelling pow'r he learns to bear
The door's harſh creak, the horrid fetter's
clank.

O whilſt I journey through this world of grief,
Still pour thy ſoothing balm to give my ſoul
relief.

SONNET

TO

HORROR,

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE SEVERN.

THE charms of life are fled; youth, wealth, and fame
No more with envious eye my fancy views;
Hope as deluſive as the meteor's flame,
Sunk in deſpair my ſoul no more purſues.

Here where ſcarce heard by me the wild waves roar,
I pour the burſting torrent from my eye,
My deep moans echo round the winding ſhore,
The hollow wind reſponſes to my ſigh.

Horror blood-ey'd ſtalks through the gloon
ſhade,
Come thou fell fiend my roamings wi
attend
Through the wet graſs that ſkirts the tow
decay'd,
Ah come my ſole companion and my friend
Thy gloomy preſence gives a ſad relief
To the ſhrunk heart that bleeds with une
tinguiſhed grief.

SONNET

TO

CHARITY.

MILD Heav'n-born Nymph, whoſe ſoft and holy flame,
Beams a warm ray upon the chilly breaſt,
That cheers with aſpect warm the weary frame,
And ſoothes the ſighs of poverty to reſt.

Friend to the friendleſs when the cruel frown,
Of an unfeeling world the meek heart bows,
When pinching want breaks the ſunk ſpirit down,
The whole ſoul bending 'neath its weight of woes:

Thine is the fire that lights the languid eye,
And ſpreads a warm glow o'er the gratef
cheek,
Like the mild midnight miſtreſs of the ſky,
When thro' the dark'ning cloud her beam
white rays break.
O may my heart in thy warm cauſe ſincere,
From mis'ry's haggard face ſtill wipe the tear.

SONNET

WRITTEN ON A SERENE

EVENING.

SOLEMN and ſtill all nature ſeems to muſe,
The gilded clouds flow ſweep along the ſky;
On the green mead cool ev'ning ſheds its dews,
The moaning breeze forgets its wonted ſigh.

O let me, at the rough oak's knotty root
Reclin'd, awhile enjoy the hour ſerene,
Such placid ſcenes the penſive boſom ſuit,
Yes, let me linger on the dark'ning green.

Fond fancy here ſhall bleſs me with her dream,
Here warbling poeſy ſhall pour its ſong,
And (happy love and fame its conſtant theme)
Here hope her baſeleſs viſion may prolong,

To ſoothe the painful throbbings of the heart
Save where the fiend Deſpair has fix'd his
poiſon'd dart.

SONNET

ON REVISITING THE SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

O LET me haſten to the ſacred ſpot
Where childhood's ſportive hours were gaily ſpent,
When playing on the green before my cot
The rude blaſt never check'd the current of content.

Here, ſimple nature faſten'd on the ſoul,
Frolic and light the paſſing minutes flew,
And, pleas'd, my heart could ſee thoſe minutes roll,
When nought but hope and joy the tender bosom knew.

And though in many ſtorms of boiſt'rous life,
Their rude and cruel buffetings I've borne,
Midst the world's scorn, and midst the passion's ſtrife,
Still for my native home has ſigh'd my heart forlorn.

The ſailor toſs'd upon the ſtormy main,
Thus fondly pants for parent ſhores again.

SONNET

TO MY ABSENT FRIEND,

EDWARD JENNER, M. D. F. R. S.

OFT have I heard thee near thy glaſſy ſtream
Pour th' impaſſion'd tones of genius wild,
When (love or friendſhip warm thy glowing theme)
I call'd thee young-eyed fancy's darling child.

Ah! now no more thy ſweetly ſoothing ſtrains,
Roll through the dark groves or the whisp'ring reeds,
Thy genial ſpirit fled, my heart complains,
Thy claſſic genius pure, no more my wild lay leads.

You taught my infant numbers to pourtray
The paſſions' force and nature's vernal ſcene,
You mark'd the truant verſe's devious way
And threw o'er vagrant lines ſtrong Judgment's eye ſerene.

Loſt to thy friendly care the ſorrowing muse,
Forlorn without a guide her heedleſs path purſues.

SONNET

ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE AVON NEAR

BRISTOL HOTWELLS.

AH me! how oft with ſlow and ling'ring feet,
Avon I've trod thy graſs-grown ſedgy ſide,
And here once more thy verdant ſhore I greet,
And view with raptur'd eye thy yellow tide.

Here my romantic morn of youth was ſpent,
Here innocent I paſs'd the liſtleſs day;
Hope ever ſpringing bloſsom'd with content,
While on thy flow'ry banks I pour'd the childiſh lay.

O now again I hear thy murmurs flow,
I ſee the alders o'er the low waves bend,
And ſure theſe ſcenes muſt ſweeteſt peace beſtow,
They ſeem the ſoothings of a much lov'd friend!

Farewell dear ſtream, ah far from thee I go,
Perhaps from paths of peace to thoſe of tearful
woe.

SONNET

TO

MORNING.

AH! let me wake while yet the clear dews
ſpread
Their pearly moiſture o'er the miſty fields,
And there inhale the ſweets the ſeaſon yields,
While with a haſty ſtep I bruſh the verdant
mead.

Freſh is the morn of life like April's dreſs,
Hope like the mounting ſky-lark carrols ſweet,
With eager haſte we ſpring, young bliſs to meet,
And fondly think each ſcene has pow'r to bleſs.

But ſoon dark ev'ning comes with ſombrou
wing,
And o'er day's glitt'ring luſtre throws its veil
And baffled Hope can now no more prevail
Nor touch on Pleaſure's lyre the trembling
ſtring.

But ere dread Night ſhall ſpread its cloud forlorn
I'll ſeek that happy clime where blooms eterna
Morn.

SONNET

TO

A GLOW-WORM.

FINE animated gem, whoſe ſparkling light,
As on the verdant bank thou liest reclin'd,
Spangles with gold the ſable ſkirts of night,
Thy bright beam wakes th' trav'ller's ſleeping mind.

O'er thee the blaſts of Heav'n innoxious blow,
Safe from the ruſhing wild ſtorm is thy ſeat,
Under the ſhelt'ring leaf thy beauties glow,
How man might envy thy obſcure retreat.

Modeſt and meek thou ſhun'ſt the glare of day
Hidden within its ſhell thy little head ;
Could he like thee but ſhun Ambition's ray,
Content the placid paths of life to tread :

His frequent ſighs of ſorrow then would ceaſe,
Sighs pour'd at blaſted hopes and murdered
peace.

SONNET

WRITTEN UNDER A LOFTY CLIFF ON THE BANKS OF THE SEVERN ON A

SUMMER'S EVENING.

THE ſcreaming Sea-Gull wheels his circling
flight,
The dying breezes courſe along the ſhore,
The wild floods ſlowly ſettling ceaſe to roar,
And ſilence creeps behind the ſteps of night.
This craggy Cliff more pond'rous on its baſe,
Now ſeems to lean.*—The winter whirlwinds
ſleep;

---

* It ſeems to be a general effect of light, to detract from heavineſs of appearance.

The moon-beams play upon the placid deep,
Entranc'd I lie reclin'd and ſeem to trace
The time when here the harping Bards of Yore,
With awful prophecy's impreſſive air,
Sung to the ear appall'd of mute deſpair
The tale of future ages.—On this ſhore
Where nature blends her beauteous and ſublime,
O let me waſte what yet remains of manhood's
prime.

SONNET

WRITTEN IN THE GROUNDS ADJOINING TO

BERKELEY-CASTLE,

GLOCESTERSHIRE.

To E. JENNER, M.D. F.R.S.

OFT have we wandered near theſe antique tow'rs,
And view'd the proud keep[x] with aſpiring head
Frown o'er the level lea. Ah! *now* I tread
The well-known paths alone. How ſweet the hours,
Here *Jenner*, paſs'd with thee! I pauſe and turn,
And ſeem thy voice of wiſdom pure to hear,

[x] part of the Castle

While in my mind's eye full there ſtands anear
Thy dead, loſt relative* whom much we mourn.

Elder Brother.

* The Rev. Mr. Stephen Jenner, B. D. of Berkeley, Gloceſterſhire, formerly Fellow of Mag. Col. Oxf. and Rector of Fittleton, Wilts. He was a man of excellent good ſenſe, of a retired turn of mind, but which never prevented the exerciſe of the very liberal and generous virtues of his heart. The friendſhip of his relatives he not only deſerved (as TACITUS remarks) "*magnitudine munerum,*" but retained "*conſtantiâ morum.*" The benevolence of his diſpoſition was diſplayed in the delight which he took in beholding the riſing branches of his kindred around him, who found in his preſence ſomething more engaging than the "*patruæ linguæ verbera,*" freedom and eaſe. The moſt ſhining part of his character was a moſt amiable modeſty, which ſhrunk from every thing bearing the moſt diſtant reſemblance to oſtentation; for nature ſeemed to have formed him for the uniform practice of that divine religion whoſe revelation he ſincerely believed. His critical obſervations (when he could be prevailed upon to make them) were peculiarly penetrative and judicious; and his learning and general abilities were much greater than his modeſty would ever permit him to diſplay. His breeding con-

Farewell, ye tranquil fields, and ye old walls,
Near which my many boyiſh days were paſt;
Now ſorrow's clouds hope's warmer rays o'er-
caſt;
The days departed, every ſcene recall.

Haſte, then! nor let the muſe implore in vain,
And with thy preſence bleſs theſe placid vales
again.

ſiſted of the politeneſs of the old ſchool, which he mingled with the enlarged modes of thinking which characterizes the modern one, but all its levities were rejected. He died Feb. 1797, unmarried. I heartily pay this ſmall tribute to the memory of a Gentleman of diſtinguiſhed worth, whoſe abilities I admired, and whoſe virtues I eſteemed. It comes with peculiar propriety from a man who, with the moſt grateful feelings, remembers the many pleaſant and inſtructive hours which were ſpent at his table; and who can never forget the notice with which ſo worthy a character was pleaſed to honor him.

SONNET

TO

A WHITE ROSE,

WORN IN A LADY'S BOSOM.

EMBLEM of innocence thou lovely Flow'r,
That decks with pureſt white my LAURA'S breaſt,
Happy thy ſtate to be ſo cloſely preſt,
Safe there thou art from ev'ry rattling ſhow'r.

Thou art, like LAURA'S ſoul, a ſpotleſs white;
Unconſcious of thy bliſs thou doſt repoſe;
But tho' thou'rt white and fragrant, lovely Roſe,
In theſe how far excels thy pillow of delight.

Yet let dear LAURA think, nor think with pain,
How like to human life thy fading bloom,
To ſummer's glow quick follows winter's gloom,
The flufh of life once paſt can ne'er return again.
The ſwiftly flitting hour no pauſe allows,
And beauty withers like the fading roſe.

SONNET

WRITTEN ON A MIDNIGHT VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF

LAURA.

HEAR, LAURA hear, it is the midnight hour.
I kneel the dwellings of the dead among,
And holy walls with ſolemn darkness hung,
Speak, buried LAURA, ſpeak from out the tomb.
A whiſper's whistling terror gone and fled,
The marble lifts its animated head.
Up from embottom'd deeps of darkneſs ſpring,
Bright glories, blaſting with exceſs of light,
They vaniſh—at the utmoſt bounds of ſight.
In glimm'ring luſtre ſoars an angel wing;
And to a ſweet unutterable ſound
Of muſic, ſhow'ry fragrance drops around.

ORIGINAL POEMS

OF THE LATE UNFORTUNATE

THOMAS CHATTERTON,

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A SHORT SKETCH OF THE CONTROVERSY

CONCERNING THE POEMS

ATTRIBUTED TO ROWLEY.

PREFACE.

THE following Poems may certainly be regarded as a literary curioſity. The name of CHATTERTON is well known in the learned world, the agitation of the queſtion concerning the authenticity of the poems attributed to ROWLEY, a prieſt of Briſtol, who is ſaid to have flouriſhed in the 15th century, has rendered his fame immortal.

I was acquainted with this unfortunate youth during the ſpace of three months previous to his departure from Briſtol to London, in the ſpring of the year 1770. Being at that time extremely young I could be but a ſlender judge of the extent of his literary acquirements, or of any tranſactions which might tend to throw light

on the Rowlean Controverſy; yet I diſtinctly remember two circumſtances which ſtrongly operate againſt the claim of the Briſtol Prieſt.

I ſaw him once rub a piece of parchment with ochre, and afterwards rub it on the ground, at the ſame time ſaying that was the way to antiquate it (I remember the very word) or to give it the appearance of antiquity.

I heard him once affirm that it was very eaſy for a perſon who had ſtudied antiquities, and with the aid of a few books which he could name, to copy the ſtyle of our elder Poets ſo exactly, that the moſt ſkilful obſerver ſhould not be able to detect him—no, ſays he, not Mr. WALPOLE himſelf.

I remember his mentioning BAYLY as one of the books which was to enable him to deceive the learned world. This laſt circumſtance places in a very conſpicuous point of view the critical ſagacity of the late truly ingenious BADCOCK.—Chatterton's obligations to Bayly in the fabrication of the Poems in diſpute, were

firſt pointed out in the MONTHLY REVIEW.

How far theſe two circumſtances may contribute to ſtrengthen the external evidence in favour of Chatterton's claim, is left to the reader's judgment.

The following pieces came into my hands about a month before his unfortunate journey to London; I did not receive them from CHATTERTON himſelf; they were lent me by a particular acquaintance of his, who ſoon after finally left Briſtol. The Poems have ever ſince remained in my poſſeſſion.

I can ſpeak but little concerning the acquirements or manners of this extraordinary youth. I was too young to be a competent judge of either, and my acquaintance with him was very ſhort. Yet I particularly recollect the philoſophic gravity of his countenance, and the keen lightening of his eye. He ſeemed wholly abſorbed in antiquarian and heraldic reſearches, and faſcinated with the brilliancy of literary fame.

The poems publiſhed under the name of ROWLEY have been, by the general conſent of the learned, attributed to CHATTERTON. The reſearches of WARTON, TYRWHITT, and CROFT, have all ended in denying the claim of the Briſtol Prieſt. The arguments of Dr. MILLS, and of Mr. BRYANT, have been conſidered and refuted, whilſt numberleſs paſſages have been produced from the poems, which cannot with any degree of probability be given to a writer of the 15th century. The internal evidence has been examined with a degree of learning and acuteneſs which leaves little room for addition, and perhaps none for improvement, new obſervations can conſiſt only of a few ſcattered gleanings, but if they concur to prove the truth of the poſition already generally admitted, they may ſtrengthen the common opinion of the world, and confirm it in the idea,—*That theſe poems are not the production of any antient Author, but the forgeries of a Modern.* And external evidence proves that

the fabricator was THOMAS CHATTERTON.

The very conſiderable deviation from the ſtyle of antient poetry is, at firſt ſight, glaringly conſpicuous. The language of our ancient poets is commonly colloquial. The phraſes of the day are engrafted into metre without the moſt diſtant idea of periphraſis. Admitting that from the nature of the compoſition, a trait of this antient characteriſtic may ſometimes be found in the poems of ROWLEY, we ſtill may ſee marks of diſcrimination, circumlocution, and uniform elevation of ſtyle. There are many parts of CHAUCER and LYDGATE, which diveſted of their rhymes, would not have appeared bombaſt in common converſation. We cannot apply this rule to the brilliant metaphorical elegance of the poems attributed to ROWLEY. The following paſſage from LYDGATE will illuſtrate this idea:

" For Chaucer that my maſter was, I knew
" What did belong to writing verſe and proſe,

" Ne'er ſtumbled at ſmall faults, nor yet did view
" With ſcornful eye the works and books of thoſe
" That did write in his time, nor yet would taunt
" At any man, to fear him or to daunt."

I defy any perſon to point out any paſſage ſo proſaic as this, in the poems of ROWLEY.

When paſſages are wanting to fill up a line in modern poetry, when a new idea is not reſorted to, and an epithet is not ſufficient, the phraſe is often amplified to the requiſite length by the ſubſtitution of an accident or property to the ſubſtantive, thus THOMSON:

" *Beneath the trembling languiſh of her beams.*"

But the expletives of our old poets are of a much more rude and ſimple kind, as

" A hundred Knyghts truly told,
" A Squire of low degree."

A thouſand inſtances of theſe ſort of expletives might be produced, not one of which occurs in ROWLEY.

This peculiarity of modern poetry gives it a rotundity of phraſe, and a diſtinctive caſt of character from proſe, and is one of its moſt ſtriking attributes, a paſſage of the ſame kind would be ſelected by a common reader with a ſenſible pleaſure, yet many ſuch lines might be cited from the poems under conſideration, let one ſuffice:

" Still on the gallard ear of terror hangs."

A SHAKESPERIAN line.

The continuity of phraſe and the ſucceſſion of ſentences are frequently confuſed in our old Poetry. A chain may be diſcerned, but its links are ſcarcely perceptible on account of the rudeneſs of the workmanſhip. Inſtances may be adduced from the poetry of James 1ſt. King of Scots, who wrote at the beginning of the 15th Century.* The poems of ROWLEY have on the contrary, all the viſible disjointed conti-

* Deſcription of the Garden at Windſor.

nuity of modern verſification. The works of our elder Poets exhibit a perplexity of ſtyle, requiring no inconſiderable portion of mental labor, to ſeparate and arrange the ideas it means to convey. Elegance and perſpicuity, is one of the lateſt acquiſitions of compoſition.

Another ſtriking characteriſtic of the Poetry of our own times, is a taſte for natural and general ſentiment, but when this does not exiſt, language partakes more of hiſtorical detail. Nothing can be more minutely preciſe than the Canterbury tales of CHAUCER: had CHATTERTON attempted a piece of the 15th Century in a ſimilar manner, breaches of the *Coſtume* would have ſoon detected him. The portrait of ancient manners exhibited in the details of ancient poets renders them peculiarly amuſing to modern readers; but there is no antiquarian ſcience to be acquired from the poems of ROWLEY, which conſiſt of general ſentiment occaſionally particularized by an image or an epithet. In that age to which our ſuppoſed Bard is aſſigned,

criticiſm, elegance, and refinement, had not ſo narrowed the ſcope of poetical thought or diction, as to compel general ſentiment and expreſſion in that degree they abound in ROWLEY.

A difference may alſo be diſcovered in the ſpelling of theſe poems. If our old Authors (taking modern orthography as the ſtandard) frequently extend words, they ſometimes abridge them, but not in an equal proportion. Where no certain ſtandard exiſts, nothing is more natural than to guide the orthography by the ſound. The ſpelling of ancient Poems may be determined by pronunciation; but CHATTERTON obſerves the rule of amplification only.

French expreſſions abound in the ſtyle of *Caxton*, and *Lord Rivers*, who wrote about the æra of the ſuppoſed ROWLEY, but it is remarkable that the learning of the eccleſiaſtic is entirely bounded by that of his pretended copier. Latin and French were languages too familiar to have been unknown to the Briſtol Prieſt, or any other Conventical; for they were uſed on the moſt

common occaſions, but here we meet with no Latin (a language which I know CHATTERTON was entirely ignorant of) and the little French which is exhibited conſiſts chiefly of Heraldry, a ſcience which this Youth cultivated with an aſtoniſhing ardor, and in which he evinced a proficiency and correctneſs aſtoniſhing for one of his years and opportunities. In the application of heraldic colors as epithets to his ſubſtantives perhaps he ſtands ſingular.

One of the principal cauſes of the ſuperior elegance of modern Poetry even more than choice or arrangement of language (for theſe would loſe moſt of their effect without it) is the uſe of the Ellipſe, if this be omitted the ſtyle becomes clogg'd and encumbered, and the ſenſe perplexed with obſervations, which the previous idea would alone intuitively ſuggeſt. There is no ſuch alloy in the gold of ROWLEY, he lops off all redundancies of explication and yet numerous inſtances of this occur in our elder Poets:

" What is your name, *rehearſe it here I pray,*
" Of whom, and where, of what condition,
" *That ye been of—let ſee come off and ſay.*

CHAUCER's Court of Love.

The paſſages in italics are ſuperfluous.

In all old poetry there are epithets which by long appropriation to one and the ſame ſubject, are invariably annexed to it and uniformly repeated where the metre will admit it. They paſs in ſucceſſion through all the train of Poets with the ſacred authority of preſcription, of this nature are the " *grim Lionns*" " *fingers long and ſmall.*" " *Barons bold*" " *Ladies fair,*" of our ancient Bards, of which only one or two have crept into modern poetry, but we ſee none of theſe hackneyed phraſes which the preſent age has rejected in the works of ROWLEY. But had the author been an Ancient they would doubtleſs have frequently occurred.

Among the alluſions in theſe poems the following has not as I recollect been noticed.

" Here like a foule empoysoned leathel tree
" Which ſlayeth everich one that commeth near."
" Tyrwhitt's Edition." p 4.

This tree is the BOHUN UPAS of DARWIN, deſcribed in the 2d. Vol. of the Botanic Garden. Darwin took his account from a Magazine. The iſland where this tree grows was diſcovered in the 16th Century by the Portugueze. The forgery of theſe Poems is immediately evident by that poſitive demonſtration which has been ſo long ſought after.

The dialogue Eclogue is taken from one of the parts of SHAKESPEARE's Henry 6th, "*Enter a Son bearing the body of his Father.*" "*Enter a Father bearing the body of his Son,*" written on the ſame occaſion, the wars of York and Lancaſter,

" *We in goodneſs will be grete.*"
ROWLEY, p. 86.

" What tho' no grants of royal donours
" With pompous title grace our blood,

" We'll ſhine in more ſubſtantial honours
" And to be noble will be good.

PERCY's Ballads.

The name of the Elionoure, in the paſtoral, was probably borrowed from the ballad of " Fair Elinour, Lord Thomas, and the brown Girl."

I am Love's borrower, and can never paie,
But be his borrower ſtill, and thine my ſweet for aye.

p. 80.

I ſtrongly ſuſpect this to have been taken from Romeo and Juliet, or ſome other play of Shakeſpear; it is exactly in the quibbling ſpirit of the love language of our celebrated dramatic Bard, evidently borrowed from Italian conceit, the literary faſhion of the day.

CHATTERTON, in the opinion of Mr. THO. WARTON, would have proved the firſt of Engliſh Poets; but I think there is a rank to which he would never have arrived. MILTON will probably ever ſtand alone on his exalted ſtation;

nor does Chatterton appear to poſſeſs the powers of the immortal SHAKESPEAR, who whether in ſublime ſentiment, picturesque deſcription, forcible impreſſion, inventive delineation of character, and in every diſtinct walk of Poetry, always diſcovers the ſame aſtoniſhing originality of genius. The abilities of Chatterton were certainly of the ſuperior kind; but I cannot admit that either Rowley's poems, or his acknowledged works betray any glimmerings of a power to equal, much leſs to exceed either of theſe illuſtrious poets.

The ſtyle of Chatterton poſſeſſes no diſcriminating characteriſtic peculiarly its own. Vigor of fancy, florid delineation, ardency of expreſſion, redundancy of ſimilitude and alluſion, and accumulation of verb and epithet, form its diſtinguiſhing features. He copied the ſimplicity of the old ballad with exquiſite ſucceſs.

"Pleaſure dancing from her wood"

might have been ſuggeſted by the character of

Euphroſyne, as inſerted in Comus. In the ode to Freedom, which has been ſo juſtly admired, it is evident from the manner and language, that he had in his eye the ſavage war dance. That Chatterton was fond of this ſubject, may be ſeen by his *African Eclogues*, one of which might have been with more propriety ſtyled *Peruvian*.

There was never a finer picture of ſavage extacy exhibited, than in the ſimple line

"She danced on the heath."

It fills the mind with a complete image; her head-dreſs and attire giving her a pictureſque appearance, her anlace ſhaking by her ſide, her eyes ſparkling with fire, her cheeks elevated with a ſmile of ferocious joy, her whole frame convulſed, and her feet beating the ground, not in the graceful movements of ſcientific dancing, but in quick, violent motions. The other parts of this beautiful Ode are equally dramatic. Her "Sitting on a rocke," is the reſt of the

principal figure dancer till his turn again approaches. Any one acquainted with the ballets and allegorical dances of the ſtage, will perceive a ſtrong reſemblance between them and the imagery of Chatterton's Ode. The very verſification is in the manner of an overture, and reſembles the muſic of it. There is nothing derogatory from his genius in this ſuppoſition; *All* ideas muſt be acquired by reading and obſervation.

In the African Eclogues, and the Elegy to Phillips, we diſcern an equal genius with that of the imaginary Rowley. In the fabricated poems, that on "our Lady's Churche," and the ſtory of "Wm. Canyne," poſſeſs the greateſt chaſtity; the diction is unbroken, and the ſenſe expreſſed in a ſweet, yet not unadorned ſimplicity. They are the moſt claſſical pieces in the whole collection.

CLIFTON.

CLIFTON, ſweet village! now demands the lay,
The lov'd retreat of all the rich and gay;
The darling ſpot which pining maidens ſeek,
To give Health's roſes to the pallid cheek.
Warm from its font the holy water pours,
And lures the ſick to Clifton's neighbouring bowers.
Let bright Hygeia her glad reign reſume,
And o'er each ſickly form renew her bloom.
Me, whom no fell diſeaſe this hour compels
To viſit Briſtol's celebrated Wells,
Far other motives prompt my eager view;
My heart can here its fav'rite bent purſue,

Here can I gaze, pauſe, and muſe between,
And draw ſome moral truth from ev'ry ſcene.
Yon duſky rocks, that, from the ſtream ariſe
In rude rough grandeur, threat the diſtant ſkies,
Seem as if Nature in a painful throe,
With dire convulſions, lab'ring to and fro,
(To give the boiling waves a ready vent)
At one dread ſtroke the ſolid mountain rent;
The huge cleft rocks tranſmit to diſtant fame,
The ſacred gilding of a good ſaint's name.
Now round the varied ſcene attention turns
Her ready eye—my ſoul with ardor burns;
For on that ſpot my glowing fancy dwells,
Where Cenotaph its mournful ſtory tells—
How Britain's heroes, true to Honour's laws,
Fell, bravely fighting in their country's cauſe.
But tho' in diſtant fields your limbs are laid,
In Fame's long liſt your glories ne'er will fade;
But blooming ſtill beyond the gripe of death,
Fear not the blaſt of time's inclouding breath.

Your generous leader rais'd this stone to ſay,
You follow'd ſtill where Honour led the way;
And by this tribute, which his pity pays,
Twines his own virtues with his ſoldiers' praiſe.
Now Brandon's cliffs my wand'ring gazes meet,
Whoſe craggy ſurface mocks the ling'ring feet;
Queen Beſs's gift, (ſo ancient legends ſay)
To Briſtol's fair; where to the ſun's warm ray
On the rough buſh the linen white they ſpread,
Or deck with ruſſet leaves the moſſy bed.

Here as I muſing take my penſive ſtand,
Whilſt evening ſhadows lengthen o'er the land,
O'er the wide landſcape caſt the circling eye,
How ardent mem'ry prompts the fervid ſigh;
O'er the hiſtoric page my fancy runs,
Of Britain's fortunes—of her valiant ſons.
Yon Caſtle, erſt of Saxon ſtandards proud,
Its neighbouring meadows dy'd with Daniſh blood,
Then of its later fate a view I take:

Here the ſad Monarch loſt his hope's laſt ſtake;
When Rupert bold, of well-atchiev'd renown,
Stain'd all the fame his former proweſs won.
But for its ancient uſe no more employ'd,
Its walls all moulder'd and its gates deſtroy'd;
In Hiſt'ry's roll it ſtill a ſhade retains,
Tho' of the fortreſs ſcarce a ſtone remains.
Eager at length I ſtrain each aching limb,
And breathleſs now the mountain's ſummit climb.
Here does attention her fixt gaze renew,
And of the city takes a nearer view.
The yellow Avon, creeping at my ſide,
In ſullen billows rolls a muddy tide;
No ſportive Naiad's on her ſtreams are ſeen,
No chearful paſtime's deck the gloomy ſcene;
Fixt in a ſtupor by the chearleſs plain,
For fairy flights the fancy toils in vain:
For tho' her waves, by commerce richly bleſt,
Roll to her ſhores the treaſures of the weſt,

Tho' her broad banks Trade's buſy aſpect wears,
She ſeems unconſcious of the wealth ſhe bears.
Near to her banks, and under Brandon's hill,
There wander's Jacob's ever-murm'ring rill,
That, pouring forth a never-failing ſtream,
To the dim eye reſtores the ſteady beam.
Here too (alas! tho' tott'ring now with age)
Stands our deſerted, ſolitary ſtage,
Where oft our Powel, Nature's genuine ſon,
With tragic tones the fix'd attention won:
Fierce from his lips his angry accents fly,
Fierce as the blaſt that tears the northern ſky;
Like ſnows that trickle down hot Ætna's ſteep,
His paſſion melts the ſoul, and makes us weep:
But O! how ſoft his tender accents move—
Soft as the cooings of the turtle's love—
Soft as the breath of morn in bloom of ſpring,
Dropping a lucid tear on Zephyr's wing:
O'er Shakeſpeare's varied ſcenes he wandered
wide,

In Macbeth's form all human pow'r defy'd;
In ſhapeleſs Richard's dark and fierce diſguiſe,
In dreams he ſaw the murdered train ariſe;
Then what convulſions ſhook his trembling breaſt,
And ſtrew'd with pointed thorns his bed of reſt!
But fate has ſnatch'd thee—early was thy doom,
How ſoon enclos'd within the ſilent tomb!
No more our raptur'd eyes ſhall meet thy form,
No more thy melting tones our boſoms warm.
Without thy pow'rful aid, the languid ſtage
No more can pleaſe at once and mend the age.
Yes, thou art gone! and thy beloved remains
Yon ſacred old Cathedral wall contains,
There does the muffled bell our grief reveal,
And ſolemn organs ſwell the mournful peal;
Whilſt hallow'd dirges fill the holy ſhrine,
Deſerved tribute to ſuch worth as thine.
No more at Clifton's ſcenes my ſtrains o'erflow,
For the Muſe, drooping at this tale of woe,

Slackens the ſtrings of her enamour'd lyre;
The flood of guſhing grief puts out her fire:
Elſe would ſhe ſing the deeds of other times,
Of ſaints and heroes ſung in monkiſh rhymes;
Elſe would her ſoaring fancy burn to ſtray,
And thro' the cloiſter'd aiſle would take her way,
Where ſleep (ah! mingling with the common duſt)
The ſacred bodies of the brave and juſt.
But vain the attempt to ſcan that holy lore,
Theſe ſoft'ning ſighs forbid the Muſe to ſoar.
So treading back the ſteps I juſt now trod,
Mournful and ſad I ſeek my lone abode.

TO

MISS HOYLAND.

SWEET are thy charming ſmiles, my lovel
maid,
Sweet as the flow'rs in bloom of ſpring array'd
Thoſe charming ſmiles thy beauteous face adorn
As May's white bloſſoms gaily deck the thorn.
Then why when mild good-nature baſking lie
Midſt the ſoft radiance of thy melting eyes,
When my fond tongue would ſtrive thy hear
to move,
And tune its tones to every note of love;
Why do thoſe ſmiles their native ſoil diſown,
And (chang'd their movements) kill me in
frown!

Yet, is it true, or is it dark deſpair,
That fears you're cruel whilſt it owns you fair ?
O ſpeak, dear Hoyland ! ſpeak my certain fate,
Thy love enrapt'ring, or thy conſtant hate.
If death's dire ſentence hangs upon thy tongue,
Ev'n death were better than ſuſpence ſo long.

TO

MR. POWEL.

WHAT language, Powel! can thy merits tell,
By Nature form'd in every path t' excel:
To ſtrike the feeling ſoul with magic ſkill,
When every paſſion bends beneath thy will.
Loud as the howlings of the northern wind
Thy ſcenes of anger harrow up the mind;
But moſt thy ſofter tones our boſoms move,
When Juliet liſtens to her Romeo's love.
How ſweet thy gentle movements then to ſee—
Each melting heart muſt ſympathize with thee.
Yet, though deſign'd in every walk to ſhine,
Thine is the furious, and the tender thine;

Though thy ſtrong feelings and thy native fire,
Still force the willing gazers to admire,
Though great thy praiſes for thy ſcenic art,
We love thee for the virtues of thy Heart.

To MISS C.

ON HEARING HER PLAY ON THE

HARPSICHORD.

HAD Iſrael's Monarch, when misfortune's dart
Pierc'd to its deepeſt core his heaving breaſt,
Heard but thy dulcet tones, his ſorrowing heart
At ſuch ſoft tones, had ſooth'd itſelf to reſt.

Yes, ſweeter far than Jeſſe's ſon's thy ſtrains,
Yet what avail if ſorrow they diſarm;
Love's ſharper ſting within the ſoul remains,
The melting movements wound us as they charm.

END OF VOL. II.

ERRATA.

Vol. II.

Page 4—line 2 from bottom—for *the* encircled Farm, read *tree* encircled, &c.

Page 8—line 7—for Roſamanda read *Roſomonda.*

——17—line 3—for bimy read *briny.*

——19—line 2—for pugnant read *pregnant.*

——30—line 1—for Onzle read *Ouzle.*

——31—line 2—for love read *lore.*

——53—line 3—for memory read *memory's.*

—— 137—line 5—for recall read *recalls.*

——ditto—line 2 in the note, for modes read *mode.*

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